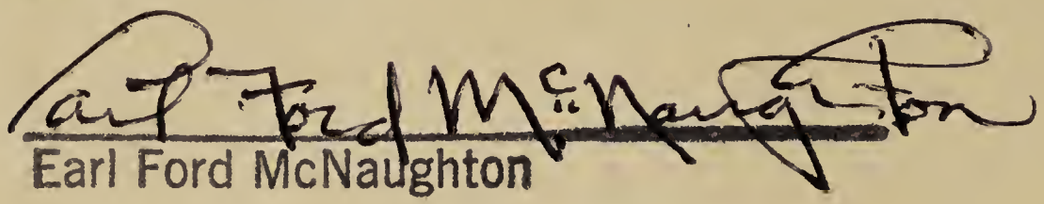
THE HIAWATHA INDUSTRIAL READER



MARY A PROUDFOOT

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HIAWATHA INDUSTRIAL READER



From his lodge went Hiawatha,
Dressed for travel, armed for hunting



HIAWATHA INDUSTRIAL READER

By

MARY A. PROUDFOOT

Assistant Superintendent of Public Schools Bay City. Michigan

Illustrations by

J. ALLEN ST. JOHN

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY



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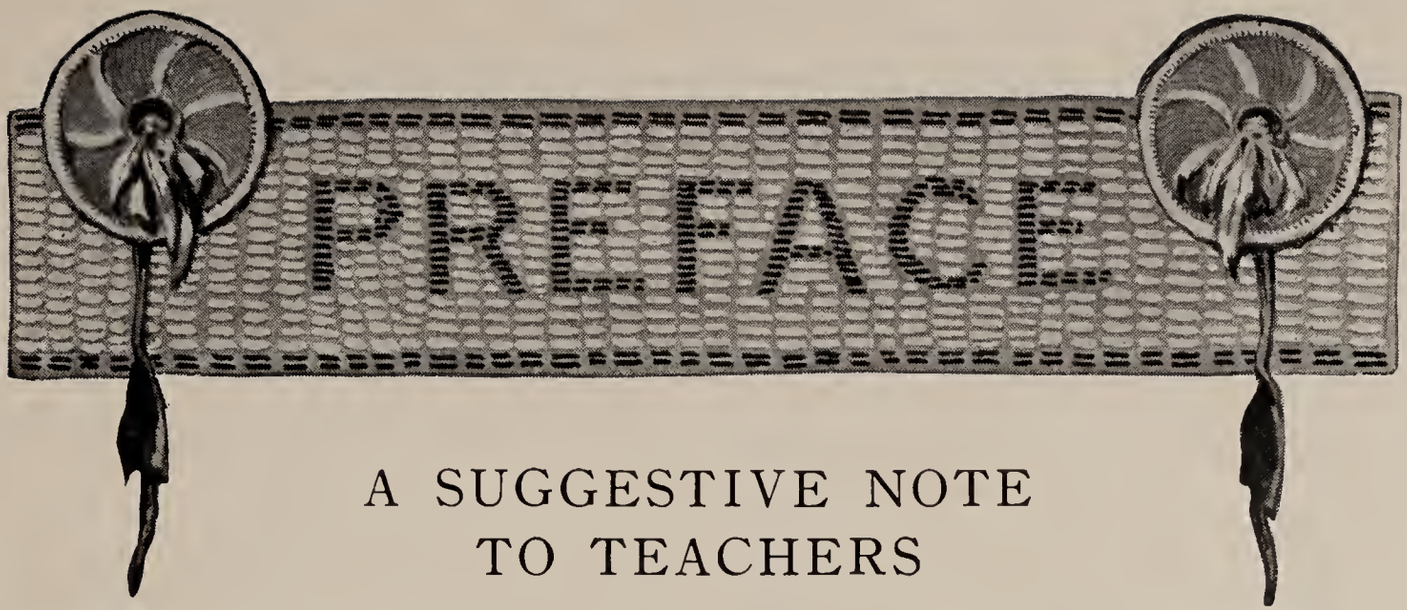
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A SUGGESTIVE NOTE TO TEACHERS

THE aim of this little book is to awaken the child's interest in primitive industries through a study of the life of the American Indians and to suggest ways of providing him with similar experiences. The plan suggests in an elementary way the study of industrial processes. It seeks to develop an historic sense—a feeling for the past—by creating imaginative situations in which the child becomes a dweller in the woods, facing the problems of how to obtain food, clothing, and shelter. This work begins in play, and resolves itself into concrete creative expression by adapting the materials of nature to the needs of the occasion.

While the conditions by which the child himself is fed, housed, and clothed are numerous and complex, and require a wide range of experience for even an approximate comprehension, those of primitive life are so simple that the child can follow and even evolve industrial processes. He begins to make judgments of the wisdom or unwisdom of his own and the Indian's method of production, and in so far as his understanding permits, he begins to compare present and past conditions.

The *Song of Hiawatha* is used as a medium for the study of primitive man because it presents in artistic and poetic form the ideal elements of American Indian life. From a literary

standpoint, this is one of the very few masterpieces that lend themselves to the understanding of the young child without alteration of the original language of the poem. There are many adaptations of the Hiawatha for the youngest children, but as this poem is used for primary grades throughout the country, there is great need for a text that shall present the child-like portions of the Hiawatha in a complete story which the children themselves can read. In the *Industrial Reader* this has been done by selecting and organizing such simple portions of the poem as may be made to serve the ethical, historical, and industrial purposes of the study.

As the poem is full of simple life-situations that appeal to the child, it makes, indeed, a splendid center for the study of primitive American life. To this end, the presentation of the subject is made by dividing the poem into three parts, that of Hiawatha's childhood, youth, and manhood. Wherever these divisions suggest types of primitive industries, a story has been introduced, in order to develop facts that will lead out from the subject at hand to a broader inquiry into Indian life as a whole.

All the stories, though cast in the language of fairy tale, unfold some authenticated fact, as gleaned from government reports or volumes of ethnological research. Each story has an industrial purpose which is first expressed in "Things to do at school and home" at the close of each narrative. While the environment of poem and story—the forest primeval—still envelops the child in poetic atmosphere, sylvan sprite or Indian fairy appears, unveils to him the field of invention, and shows him how magic lies in the use of mere scraps of material that he can pick up at home or from nature. "Be of service to the fairy world!" is the witching mandate; and under the spell of the suggestion the child goes forth to

seek a suitable medium, experiments, and lo! succeeds in creating in miniature the objects that most fascinated him in story or poem.

He brings his fairy handwork to the school, and when it is examined and appreciated, he exults in an opportunity to recreate his discovery, varying it according to the material at hand. Given time and a medium to work with, he reënters the imaginary world and, without aid, thinks out his model for himself. Thus, in the most educative manner, the problem of seat occupation is solved for schools without special equipment.

Aside from the school experience, his home seems to take on an added charm. He sees new values in queer odds and ends, and spends much of his spare time in contriving new objects of his own design. His enthusiasm arouses the interest of his parents, and the industrial occupation serves to bring about a coöperation between school and home.

So interesting and unusual are some of the child's expressions that it has seemed worth while to photograph a few of them in order to discuss briefly with teachers the value of encouraging these creative efforts. However, to realize the complete industrial purpose of these plans the teacher must finally become the mediator between fact and fiction and round out the child's experience by supplementing his free and creative expression by a definite and systematic direction.

Each bit of this handwork has its numerical value, in that it creates life situations which necessitate estimating, measuring, and counting. Thus the industrial activity serves to present to young children sufficient experience for a year's graded course along the line of constructive number work.

With the Hiawatha poem to create atmosphere and feeling for the subject, the supplementary story and occupation

offer unusual opportunity for self-expression. As the narrative develops into the experience of making and doing real things, enthusiasm unchains limitations of speech, and language flows without effort into original story.

From the standpoint of its historical value, *Hiawatha* makes a suggestive basis for the study of the American Indian. Each period in the life of the hero leads the child through a series of primitive experiences that interpret the interests and conditions of earliest American life in such a way as to awaken in the child's mind his first historic sense of a present, in contrast with a past,—the past which ushered in the dawn of American history.

The ethical value is closely interwoven with the historic, for the poem contains a message of social service. Understanding his responsibility to individuals of his own social group, Hiawatha represents the ideal of primitive manhood, that characteristic which typifies present civic virtue. The poet has embodied in him those primal qualities inherent in American ideals—those ideals which centuries of culture and education have finally evolved into the heroic and patriotic characters of our own American nation.

Many of the illustrations in the *Industrial Reader* are adapted directly from plates to be found in the reports of the Bureau of Ethnology, or from old engravings in Schoolcraft's *Indian Tribes of the United States.*

THE AUTHOR

To

My Mother



By the shining Big-Sea-Water
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis



HIAWATHA INDUSTRIAL READER

PART I

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

I

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.
There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;

Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! The Naked Bear will hear thee!"
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

II

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine trees,
Heard the lapping of the waters,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine trees.
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.
Saw the firefly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:

III

"Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,

Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"
Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'T is the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

IV

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

V

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,

How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's chickens."

VI

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

The Wigwam of Nokomis

"I shall build a wigwam for my little Hiawatha," said Nokomis. "Here the pine trees will hold back the wind, the water will offer cooling drink, and every morning I shall give my little papoose a cold bath, for he must grow hardy, strong, and fearless. Yes, here 'by the shining Big-Sea-Water' I shall build him a beautiful wigwam."

Nokomis then went to the woods and cut from the young trees thirteen of the finest and



smoothest poles. She tied the smaller ends together, and setting them up on the ground, said: "What a fine framework! Over it I will hang my warm cover of deerskins. Ah, little papoose, long ago I sewed these strong skins together. Not a drop of rain has ever come through them.

"Once, when I made my first wigwam, the North Wind, Kabibonokka, found his way down the smoke hole. He blew my fire out, and dusted all the ashes into my eyes. How angry I was!



"Now come forth, Kabibonokka! Blow, all ye winds, blow!"

"Without one word I pulled down the skin cover. I fitted the pieces so two giant ears stood up on either side of the smoke hole. To each ear I tied a pole, and by moving either one of them I could close any side of the hole I liked.

"'Now,' shouted I, 'come forth, Kabibonokka! Blow, all ye winds, blow! Blow from north, east, or west, but ye cannot come in till I bid ye,' and they never have.

"See, little red man," said Nokomis, "see me lace these great skins together. I am using strong buckskin cords. For a door, open the lower flap, and creep in."

She then pegged the skins to the ground and the wigwam was done.

Baby Hiawatha looked very wise, just as if he had understood every word his grandmother had said. She had hung his little cradle to the branch of a tree where he could watch her. Like all Indian babies, he was almost always good. This time he did not cry till he saw Nokomis leaving him to build a fire in the center of the wigwam. This he did not like, so he cried loudly.

"Do not cry," said Nokomis, "for I shall not take you in. A papoose must learn to wait." After the fire was built, Nokomis carried him in.



She gently placed him near the warm fire, and over the blaze cooked his broth.

Then it was time for rest, so taking him out of his cradle, she lulled him to sleep, singing:

"'Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!'"

Things to do at school or home:

Did you ever play Indian?

"By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest."

Let us be fairy Indians, and go into this forest and cut poles for a wigwam. Break off five or six twigs, six inches long. Tie the small ends together near the top. Stand them with their large ends forming a circle on the ground.

We have no deerskin cover like that of Nokomis, but Indians sometimes use cloth. Take a little piece of cloth, lay it on the table with the long side nearest you, and from the right-hand corner curve the cloth around to the left corner, like a half moon. Fold the moon the short way, and at the folded corner, on the straight side, cut a large notch for the smoke hole.

Now fit the cover over the twigs. Where are the ears to listen for the wind at the smoke hole? From two scraps of cloth cut them out, and sew them in place. Where did Nokomis fasten the poles that she used to shut out the winds? Place your wigwam in yard or on a sand table.[1]

Now, fairy Indians, you need a tripod to hang your kettle over the fire. Cut three sticks as tall as the wigwam, tie them at the top, and the tripod is done. An acorn will do for a kettle. Can you give it a handle, and hang the kettle from the center of the tripod? Find other things that you need, and we are ready for Indian camping.

[1] Let the children gather materials, make their sand table, and freely *experiment*, before giving directed plans as in Part II, p. 158.



Nokomis weaving the framework of the cradle

HOW NOKOMIS MADE THE INDIAN CRADLE

Very dear to Nokomis was her Hiawatha. He was loved, too, by Adjidaumo the squirrel, who chattered to him from the oak tree. Opechee the robin sang to him, and the timid rabbit, Wabasso, peered and peeped at him from his burrow.

One morning Nokomis went out into the forest. She said: "O trees, help me make my Hiawatha a cradle!"

Said the Linden, tall and stately,
"I will give to you my branches,
Make the framework of the Linden."

"Thanks to thee, great tree," replied Nokomis. "I will do so. I will choose a stout forked stick, and weave it back and forth with pliant branches."

Such was the framework, and when it was woven, Nokomis made a pocket for the cradle out of softest deerskin. This pocket she sewed to the frame, and trimmed the skin with wampum.[1] How pretty it was!

The whole woodland was pleased, and the brook, pausing, said:

"Good Nokomis, bed his cradle
With the rushes from my streamlet;
Take soft mosses from the tree trunk."

[1] *Wampum.* Beads made of purple sea shells.



"Thanks to thee, kind stream," said old Nokomis, and she lined his cradle with soft moss and rushes. Over his head she placed a bow to keep the baby's face and head from bumping, were the cradle to fall. That done, she slipped the little papoose into the soft deerskin pocket, lacing him in with strong sinews of the deer.

One day, while Nokomis was making baskets, Hiawatha swung on the branch of an oak tree, and the squirrel, Adjidaumo, climbing to the bow

of the cradle, dropped an acorn in for the papoose to play with. This was great fun for Adjidaumo, who laughed and chattered, but it frightened the little Hiawatha, and he began to cry.

The wind then felt sorry for the little papoose and, quietly kissing him, gently rocked the cradle, while Opechee, the robin, hiding behind a leafy branch, lulled him to sleep, singing,

"'Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!'"

Things to do at school or home:

From the great trees where the chestnuts grow, beg a small brown nut. Push a short stick into it, and by wrapping the stick round and round with cloth you will soon see that the Indian fairies have given you a tiny papoose.

Like Nokomis, weave him a little cradle.[1] The great tree will give you a forked twig. Nokomis wove the fork with pliant branches, but grasses or raffia will do. Make the framework for the cradle.

For the cradle pocket, take a bit of cloth not so long and a little wider than the fork. Lace two of the short edges together like a shoe; lay the pocket on the frame, and sew the sides fast. Now into your cradle, little brown babe!

[1]Do not follow the above suggestion, if original expression can be aroused. Encourage initiative before presentation of plans, Part II, p. 160.



HIAWATHA'S YOUTH

HIAWATHA'S HUNTING

I

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvelous story-teller,
He the traveler and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers.
And the cord he made of deerskin.
Then he said to Hiawatha:
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"

II

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha

Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Up the oak tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

III

And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river.
Hidden in the alder bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,

Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway.

IV

Then upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him.

V

Dead he lay there in the forest,
Beat his timid heart no longer;
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbed and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward;
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.

VI

From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.



All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!

The Hunting Camp

BUILDING THE LODGE

One day, when Hiawatha had grown into a boy, he went into the woods and saw two pine trees facing each other. "O pine trees," said he, "teach me the quickest way to build a hunting lodge."

"We shall do so," said the pine trees.

"Cut a pole to stretch between us,

Tie it fast with strips of buckskin,
Making thus a doorway spacious.
From the ground to top of doorway
Now slant poles to make a framework;
Thatch the poles with leafy branches,
And you'll have a roof for shelter.
Close the sides with bark of hemlock.
Just outside the open doorway
Pile up logs to make a windbreak,
Build a fire within the doorway."

This lodge the boys called a "lean-to," and when they were on a long hunting trip they often stayed there all night. When they roasted a hare for supper they always offered the best piece to the Great Spirit, saying this grace: "Great Spirit, do thou share this hare, and still be kind to us."[1]

VISITING THE CHIPMUNKS' CAMP

One day when they started out hunting they met a strange boy, and asked where he was going.

"I am going to the camp of some chipmunks," said the boy. "Come with me, and I'll give you the best shooting match you ever had." "We're ready!" shouted the boys, and away they started with their bows and arrows.

Soon the stranger said, "Now hide behind these

[1] A similar grace is to be found in Eastman's *Indian Boyhood*.



trees. Come out when I call you." Then seating himself on a log, he took from his pocket some wild oat-straws and blew on them, making a little chip, chip sound, like that of the chipmunk.[1]

At once every little fellow came out of his hole to listen. They answered him with their own little chip, chip, and one after another climbed the log and crawled over the boy's lap and up on his shoulders.

[1] The chipmunk incident is related in Eastman's *Indian Boyhood*, p. 92.

Poor little wood folk, how could they know that he did not mean to play with them? Instead, he suddenly gave a shout, and out came all the boys from behind the trees. Then a terrible game began, in which every boy shot his arrows at the little chipmunks till they had no place to turn!

THE KING OF SLEEPY LAND

But now it happened that Weeng,[1] the king of Sleepy Land, lived in this forest. He was ruler of all the little fairies who guarded the Indian children while they slept. In the daytime they cuddled in the warm ashes of the camp fire, or hid behind the birch-bark buckets.

Each fairy was armed with a tiny war club, and when darkness closed over the forest he went among the children and tapped on their foreheads until they grew so drowsy that they nodded, and in a moment were off to Sleepy Land.

King Weeng was the friend of the timid deer, the hare, and all the forest animals. Sometimes the fairies hid in the tobacco pouch of the hunter, as he sat down on a log to rest and smoke his pipe. They would climb to his forehead, and after a few taps of their tiny clubs he would be asleep.

[1] Weeng was the sandman of the Chippewa children. (See *Hiawatha Legends*, by Schoolcraft, p. 263.)



King Weeng's fairies put the hunter to sleep

Then all the animals could pass by in safety.

After the boys' chipmunk game King Weeng felt very sad, and perching himself on Hiawatha's lodge, he said:

"Listen to me, my young hunters.
Of the beasts, you've learned their language,
Where the squirrel hides his acorns.
You have learned of beasts, their secrets;
They are one and all your brothers.
Birds, and bear, and deer, and rabbit
Feed you, lest you die of hunger,
Clothe you in their furs for winter.
Thus they give and give you daily
All that lodges, feeds, and clothes you.
Can it be that I'm mistaken?
Can it be that Weeng is dreaming?
No, 't is true; I saw you shooting,
Shooting for the sake of killing!
Ah, my hunters, this is cruel.
So, to punish you severely,
Sometime when for game you're looking
Weeng will come, with all his fairies,
And by tap of tiny war clubs
Bring to grief your day of hunting,
Send you home all empty handed,
Thus to spend the night in hunger."



HOW KING WEENG PUNISHED THE LITTLE HUNTERS

So one day when the boys left their lodge and were lying in wait for a bear, King Weeng commanded all his warriors to use their clubs and put the boys to sleep. At once the fairies appeared from here, there, and everywhere, and when the boys were not looking they climbed up to their foreheads. Tap, tap, tap! went each little club.

At once every boy fell asleep, and the bear wandered out, and back again to his den, before a boy opened his eyes. Darkness came on, and when they awoke there was nothing for the little hunters to do but to return home hungry.

Just as they were leaving, Hiawatha looked up, and there sat King Weeng, in the form of a great grasshopper. He was perched upon one of the branches. He had many wings on his back. On each wing were eyes that looked sadly down on

Hiawatha, and the wings hummed a sorrowful song.

This made Hiawatha feel very much ashamed, and he told the boys that King Weeng had meant to punish them. Thus the day ended, and they all went sadly to bed without any supper.

Things to do at school or home:

In the fairyland of Weeng there is no hunting lodge. Let us build him a lean-to where he may rest while he is looking after the animals of the forest. Listen, and the pine trees will show you how, as they showed our Hiawatha.

"Yes, dear children, we will tell you
How to build for Weeng a lean-to.
Cut three twigs to make a doorway,
Build it wide and very spacious;
Short the sides, and long the top piece—
These three twigs, then, tie securely.
"From the ground to top of doorway
Slant a twig to make a roof frame;
Tie it there, and then still others
Till the twigs have made the framework.
Weave it next, with leafy branches,
And you 'll have a roof for shelter.
"Just outside the open doorway
Pile up twigs to make a windbreak;
For the sides, just make two others."

Thank you, kind trees. We shall try to build this lodge.[1] Then we will leave it in the woods where Weeng will find it. Let us make him a bow and arrows, and a quiver, too.

[1] Can other kinds of lodges be planned? When made, see Part II, p. 170.



HIAWATHA BRINGS HOME HIS FIRST DEER

THE DRESSING OF THE DEER'S HIDE

"Woo-coo-hoo! Woo-coo-hoo!" What a shout went through the woods when Hiawatha brought his first deer home! Nokomis was waiting for him at the door of the wigwam. "How proud I am of my little hunter," said the grandmother. "I will make him a cloak of the red deerskin."

So when the red deer was stripped of its hide, Nokomis filled a trough with water. "Now I shall put the hide into it," said she. "Here are ashes from my camp fire. I will drop them into the water." As she did so, she cried:

"Ashes, ashes, join the water,
Make a lye that's daily stronger,
Thus the red deer's hair to loosen."

Slowly, then, the ashes joined the water.



"O great Sun, send warmest sunbeams!"

Slowly, hair after hair was loosened. After two or three days, Nokomis took the skin out. "Now my knife can scrape away every hair," said she. "Scrape, scrape, scrape!" cried the knife, and at last the skin was smooth.

"I will make a frame to stretch and dry it. Woo-hoo, ash tree, give me three limbs to make a frame. Two I shall drive into the ground. One I shall tie across the top, and behold, the frame is done!" When it was made, she tied the hide to it, and holding her hands to the sun cried:

"O great Sun, send warmest sunbeams,
Dry the naked hide of Red Deer!"

After two days the skin was ready to be dressed. "Chip, chip, chip!" chattered the knife, as it chipped away on the inner side of the hide. The hard flakes of skin flew off, and thinner and thinner grew the hide.

"Red Deer," said Nokomis, "you shall help me now to make this skin very soft, for I shall rub in the fat you have given me; I shall mix and rub it in with this flat stone. "Rub, rub, rub!" mumbled the stone for many long hours. It was very hard work, but the skin grew soft and softer, until it became as soft as the softest white skin of the birch tree.



HOW NOKOMIS MADE THE CLOAK

It was ready now to make into the cloak. For scissors Nokomis used a stone; for needle, the sharp horn of the deer. Sinews of the deer sewed the skin together. What a beautiful cloak it was! "I shall make him mittens," said Nokomis. "I shall make him 'moccasins enchanted.' For winter he shall have snowshoes strung with plaited strips of deerskin. When the snow grows deep, and drifts are high through forest and village,

"'With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
With his moccasins enchanted,'

with snowshoes hung from his toes, he can tread a mile at every step.

"His cloak, too, shall be a magic one," said Nokomis, "for I shall sew stars into it that shall show my Hiawatha the path by night. I shall give him eagle feathers for luck in war, and for hunting, a quiver with oaken arrows."

So saying, she went to the woods and cried:

"Give your gleaming quills, O Hedgehog,
Shining arrows like the starlight,
Give them for this cloak of deerskin.
Make them bright for Hiawatha."

Then the hedgehog from the oak tree gave his gleaming quills, and Nokomis sewed them, bright and shining, among the wampum beads of purple sea shells. But they were magic quills, for behold! when Hiawatha went out into the night, they became stars that lighted the path of our hunter.

"From his lodge went Hiawatha
Dressed for travel, armed for hunting;
Dressed in deerskin shirt and leggings,
Richly wrought with quills and wampum;
On his head his eagle feathers,
Round his waist his belt of wampum,
In his hand his bow of ash wood
Strung with sinews of the reindeer;
In his quiver oaken arrows,
Tipped with jasper, winged with feathers;

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
With his moccasins enchanted."

. . . . . .

"Out of childhood into manhood,
Now had grown my Hiawatha."

Things to do at school or home:

I am an Indian fairy, but I would like to see Hiawatha. Have you a little doll? Then we can dress him like our hunter, in shirt and leggings. Give him a quiver with oaken arrows, and a bow of ash wood. I have no deerskin, but I can make him a shirt of cloth, and leggings, too, with gay fringe. Though I have no beads, I can trim the shirt with pretty seeds that are soft enough to sew on. For feathers, I can use the plumes of grasses. Could you be a fairy Indian, and help?

Did I hear you say that you have no doll? Well, a fairy can make one of stout paper. A shirt he can cut, and decorate it in bright-colored crayons to look like quills and wampum. Fringe, too, he can make, and when the shirt is finished he knows how to fasten it on the doll. Do you? To make leggings, fold two narrow strips of paper the long way and fit them on the doll, making them wide enough to cut fringe on the outside. Now fasten them on.

Make a quiver the same way, only close one end as well as the sides, and slip in some little arrows. By a thread, hang the quiver from the hunter's shoulder; make him a headband with eagle feathers.[1]

'Dressed for travel, armed for hunting!'

[1] How many *different* plans can be made? Afterwards, see patterns, Part II, p. 164.



HIAWATHA'S MANHOOD

HIAWATHA'S FASTING

I

You shall hear how Hiawatha
Prayed and fasted in the forest,
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumphs in the battle,
But for profit of the people.
First he built a lodge for fasting,
Built a wigwam in the forest,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
In the blithe and pleasant springtime,
In the Moon of Leaves he built it.
Seven whole days and nights he fasted.

II

On the first day of his fasting

Through the leafy woods he wandered;
Saw the deer start from the thicket,
Saw the rabbit in his burrow,
Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming,
Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Rattling in his hoard of acorns,
Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,
Building nests among the pine trees.
"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?"

III

On the next day of his fasting
By the river's brink he wandered,
Through the Muskoday, the meadow,
Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,
And the strawberry, Odahmin,
And the grapevine, the Bemahgut,
Trailing o'er the alder branches,
Filling all the air with fragrance!
"Master of life!" he cried, desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?"

IV

On the third day of his fasting
By the lake he sat and pondered,
Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,

Scattering drops like beads of wampum,
Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water.
"Master of life!" he cried, desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?"

V

On the fourth day of his fasting
In his lodge he lay exhausted;
Gazing with half-open eyelids
On the dizzy, swimming landscape,
And he saw a youth approaching,
Dressed in garments green and yellow,
Coming through the purple twilight,
Through the splendor of the sunset;
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
And his hair was soft and golden.
Standing at the open doorway,
Long he looked at Hiawatha,
On his wasted form and features.

VI

And, in accents like the sighing
Of the South Wind in the tree tops,
Said he, "O my Hiawatha!
All your prayers are heard in heaven,
For you pray not like the others;

Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

"From the master of Life descending,
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,
Come to warn you and instruct you,
How by struggle and by labor
You shall gain what you have prayed for.
Rise up from your bed of branches,
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!"

VII

Faint with famine, Hiawatha
Started from his bed of branches,
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin;
At his touch he felt new courage,
Felt new life and hope and vigor.

So they wrestled there together,
And the more they strove and struggled,
Stronger still grew Hiawatha;
Till the darkness fell around them.

VIII

"'Tis enough!" then said Mondamin,
Smiling upon Hiawatha,
"But to-morrow when the sun sets,

I will come again to try you."
And he vanished, and was seen not:
Whether sinking as the rain sinks,
Whether rising as the mists rise,
Hiawatha saw not, knew not,
Only saw that he had vanished,
Leaving him alone and fainting.

IX

On the morrow and the next day,
When the sun through heaven descending,
Like a red and burning cinder
Fell into the western waters,
Came Mondamin for the trial.
Thrice they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset,
Till the darkness fell around them,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her nest among the pine trees,
Uttered her loud cry of famine,
And Mondamin paused to listen.

X

Tall and beautiful he stood there,
In his garments green and yellow;
To and fro his plumes above him
Waved and nodded with his breathing,

And he cried, "O Hiawatha!
Bravely have you wrestled with me,
Thrice have wrestled stoutly with. me,
And the Master of Life who sees us,
He will give to you the triumph!"

XI

Then he smiled and said: "To-morrow
Is the last day of your conflict,
Is the last day of your fasting.
You will conquer and o'ercome me;
Make a bed for me to lie in,
Where the rain may fall upon me,
Where the sun may come and warm me;
Strip these garments, green and yellow,
Strip this nodding plumage from me,
Lay me in the earth and make it
Soft and loose and light above me.

XII

"Let no hand disturb my slumber,
Let no weed nor worm molest me,
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,
Come to haunt me and molest me;
Only come yourself to watch me,
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,
Till I leap into the sunshine."

And thus saying, he departed;
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

XIII

On the morrow came Nokomis,
On the seventh day of his fasting,
Came with food for Hiawatha,
Lest his hunger should o'ercome him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.
But he tasted not, and touched not,
Only said to her, "Nokomis,
Wait until the sun is setting,
Till the darkness falls around us."

XIV

Homeward weeping went Nokomis,
Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,
Fearing lest his strength should fail him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.
He meanwhile sat weary waiting
For the coming of Mondamin,
Till the sun dropped from the heaven,
Floating on the waters westward,
As a red leaf in the autumn
Falls and floats upon the water.

XV

And behold! the young Mondamin,

With his soft and shining tresses,
With his garments green and yellow,
With his long and glossy plumage,
Stood and beckoned at the doorway.
Pale and haggard, but undaunted,
From the wigwam Hiawatha
Came and wrestled with Mondamin.

XVI

Suddenly upon the greensward
All alone stood Hiawatha,
Panting with his wild exertion,
And before him, breathless, lifeless,
Lay the youth, with hair disheveled;
Dead he lay there in the sunset.
And victorious Hiawatha
Made the grave as he commanded,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Laid him in the earth, and made it
Soft and loose and light above him;

XVII

Homeward then went Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis,
And the seven days of his fasting
Were accomplished and completed.
But the place was not forgotten

Where he wrestled with Mondamin;
Nor forgotten nor neglected
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine.

XVIII

Day by day did Hiawatha
Go to wait and watch beside it;
Kept the dark mold soft above it,
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,
Drove away with scoffs and shoutings,
Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin!
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"

XIX

Then he called to old Nokomis
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
Showed them where the maize was growing,

Told them of his wondrous vision,
Of his wrestling and his triumph,
Of this new gift to the nations,
Which should be their food forever.
And still later, when the autumn
Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,
And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off them,
As he once had stripped the wrestler,
Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

The Indian Summer Festival of the Green Corn

THE INVITATION TO THE FEAST

When the leaves of the white oak had grown to the size of a squirrel's ear, Hiawatha went into the forest. Cried he:

"White Oak, may I take your branches?
I would make us tools for gardening,
That the women may go planting."

Softly the branches of the tree rustled, "Yes," and bent down to Hiawatha. Then out of hard wood he cut garden hoes, and gave them to Nokomis.



Thus it was that the Indian women became the gardeners of the tribe. They planted squashes and beans, and, best of all, the maize or corn. Corn was sacred to the Indians. They called it "mother."

Hiawatha built a high platform near the cornfield and, calling Nokomis, said: "Good Nokomis, watch Mondamin. This platform is so high that you can see over the whole field. Drive away Kahgahgee, the raven, with scoffs and shoutings. Teach the children, and the dogs too, to help you."

"'Good Nokomis, watch Mondamin,
Go to wait and watch beside it,
Keep it clean from weeds and insects.'
And before the summer ended,
Stood the maize in all its beauty
With its shining robes about it,
And its long soft yellow tresses."

Nokomis, the eldest and best loved mother of the tribe, was chosen to watch the young ears.[1]

When the corn was ripe enough to eat, she cooked a few ears for her friends. The tribe then knew it was nearly time for her to send out an invitation to the corn feast.

"I will let the village know, by decorating my wigwam with cornhusks," said Nokomis. "This is my sign of invitation." When the Indians saw the gay wigwam, they were much pleased. So to let Nokomis know they would be glad to come, all marched by her lodge in line.

[1] This fact is cited and the following custom described by Schoolcraft.

NOKOMIS PLANS A SURPRISE

When the festival day dawned it was a great one for Nokomis, for she was mother of the cornfield. No Indian ever picked an ear till she gave the signal, so, calling the tribe to her, she said:

"'Tis the Moon of the Red Lily!
See the cornfields green and shining,
See the green plumes of Mondamin.
See his sunny silken tresses;
Let us give to him a banquet,
In his honor eat the maize ear!"

Then, singing and dancing, they went to the field to gather the milkiest ears. Nokomis built a fire, and all cooked their maize as they liked it best.

"I like my corn roasted over the blaze," said one Indian boy. "I put mine into embers without taking off the husks," said another. Many were fond of it this way, and when the corn was done they seasoned it with bear's oil.

While they were all busy Nokomis planned a surprise. It was a stew of corn and beans. This dish was invented by the Indians. As Nokomis brought it in, listen to the Indian name she gave it: "This is a new dish," said Nokomis, as she set it before them: "I call it 'succotash.' How do you like it?"



They all cooked their maize as they liked it best

"Splendid! Splendid!" cried all the Indians when they had tasted it. Then, to show they had enjoyed the feast, they danced and sang all night.

Thus ended the summer festival, and it was a happy one, for they believed that the Great Spirit had sent their corn down from the sky.

Things to do at school or home:

I am Segwun.[1] Do you know me?

"All the meadows wave with blossoms,
All the woodlands ring with music,
Sing the bluebird and the robin."

Bring kernels of corn and plant them in honor of Mondamin. Plant them in rows in your garden, and in a sunny spot in the earth on your sand table. Keep the spot clear of weeds.

Like Nokomis, build a platform to drive away Kahgahgee, the raven. Look at the picture on page 53. Do you see the two pairs of forked branches that are used for posts? Take forked twigs for your posts. Can you make the framework?

Lay the floor with twigs or paper boards. Set your platform by the little cornfield, and make some Indians to watch the corn. Cut out children and dogs too, for they were often helpers in these fields. Segwun will stay with them, bringing the warm sunshine till summer is here.

Some day before the close of early summer and while the fields are green and shining, gather some ears of corn, make a camp fire, and roast them in the hot embers.

[1] Segwun, or springtime.



HIAWATHA'S SAILING

I

"Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily!

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the summer time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

II

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,

When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing.
And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

III

With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

IV

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"
Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"
Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,

Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

V

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Larch, with all its fibers,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"
From the earth he tore the fibers,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

VI

"Give me of your balm, O Fir Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir Tree, tall and somber,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"
And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

VII

"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"
From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"
From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.

VIII

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily.

IX

Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served him,
And his wishes served to guide him;
Swift or slow at will he glided,
Veered to right or left at pleasure.

X

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,
To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Saying, "Help me clear this river
Of its sunken logs and sand bars."
Straight into the river Kwasind

Plunged as if he were an otter,
Dived as if he were a beaver,
Stood up to his waist in water,
To his armpits in the river,
Swam and shouted in the river,
Tugged at sunken logs and branches.

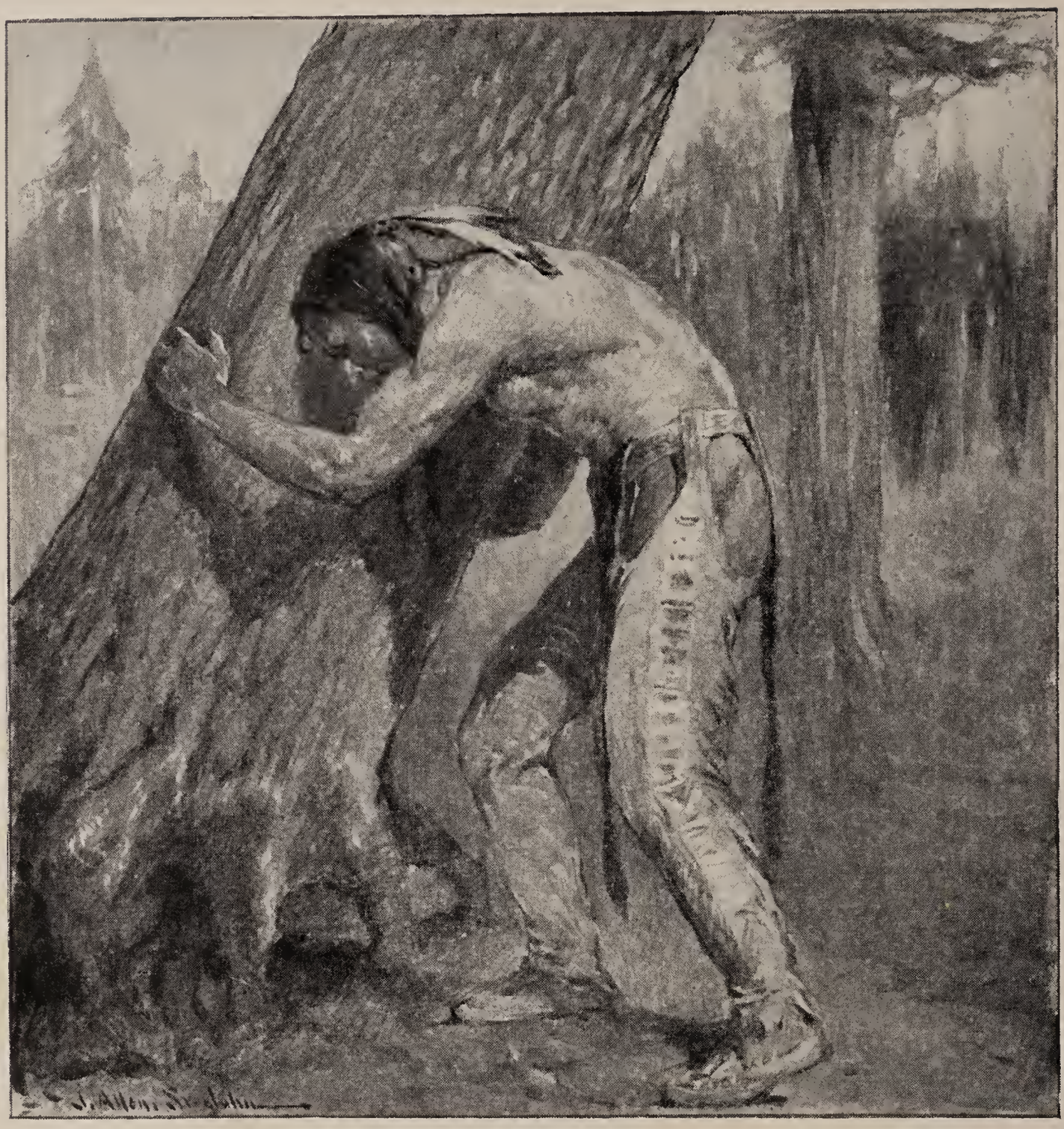
XI

And thus sailed my Hiawatha
While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.
Up and down the river went they,
In and out among its islands,
Cleared its bed of root and sand bar,
Dragged the dead trees from its channel,
Made its passage safe and certain,
Made a pathway for the people.

The Canoe of Yellow Cedar

Kwasind was a very strong man. He was the strongest of all mortals. Hiawatha loved him for his strength. Kwasind knew no fear. He loved the water, and could swim beneath it. He could chase a beaver through the whirlpools, and then at last bring him dead and dripping to the shore.

One day, calling to Kwasind, Hiawatha said,



"I will make you a mighty canoe, that will carry you through the roughest of seas. Bring me a yellow cedar tree, Kwasind." So Kwasind with his strong hands lifted a cedar tree, roots and all, from the earth, and laid it at the feet of Hiawatha.

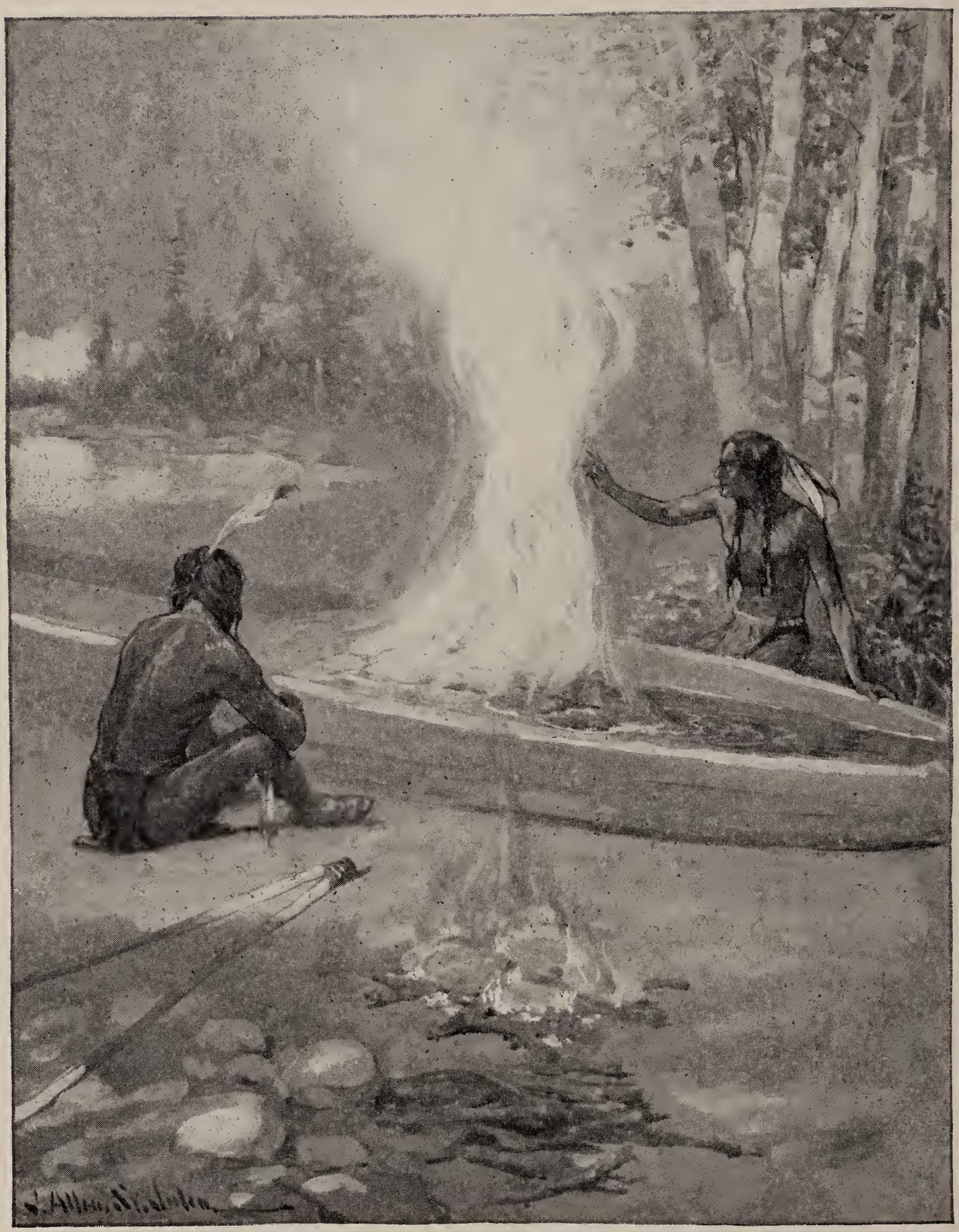
"Now," said Hiawatha, "strip off all the branches and roots of the tree. I want only the naked trunk." In no time, without a tool, Kwasind stripped the cedar, and the trunk lay bare. Hiawatha then cut enough off the top of the log to make it flat from end to end. Kindling a fire on it, he cried:

"Fire, fire, burn the cedar,
Slowly hollow out the center,
I a stout canoe will build me,
For my very strong friend, Kwasind."

Slowly then, the fire burned down into the wood, and they watched the creeping flame burn out the center. At last the hollow grew deep enough, and the fire went out.

"Here are two tools," said Hiawatha. "I will take one; you take the other. Let us both work on the inside, and scrape all the charred wood out." So they chipped away at it for many, many days, but still Cheemaun was not done.

"Fire has helped to hollow out the canoe, but it is not so beautiful as my birch Cheemaun," said Hiawatha. "Let us take it to Gitche Gumee, and ask the water to help us." So Kwasind picked up the canoe in his hand and carried it to Gitche Gumee. Hiawatha next filled it with water, saying:



"Watch the steam clouds rise above us"

"Water, water, help the cedar
This canoe to make more shapely."
The water from the hollow answered:
"Ask the stones to help the water,
Place them in the nearest camp fire."

Hiawatha and Kwasind then took many stones to a camp fire and buried them in the hot coals, and Hiawatha spoke to them thus:

"Friendly stones within the camp fire,
Help the water shape our Cheemaun."
The stones replied:
"Drop us hot within the cedar,
Watch the steam clouds rise above us,
We will swell the wood for Cheemaun."

Hiawatha dropped the hot stones into the water. White clouds of steam rose in the hollow cedar, and the wood swelled so that Hiawatha could shape it like his birch canoe. He pointed the ends, smoothed them, and Cheemaun floated out into the water. The cedar canoe was finished.

Kwasind was very happy. "O Hiawatha, my Cheemaun is beautiful! It is large enough for many men, and many paddles!"

"You are right," replied Hiawatha. "But I have built the cedar Cheemaun for you. Sail out toward the sea that is far from here.

"You are strong, Kwasind, mightiest among many. Bring back Mashenomak, the whale, from those far-away seas, for he is the greatest of all sea animals. Fill Cheemaun with purple sea shells to make wampum[1] for our people."

"I shall go," said Kwasind. "I shall bring back gifts to all our people, and show them how to build the mighty Cheemaun, as you have taught your Kwasind. Farewell, Hiawatha; farewell, till I return!" and he paddled out into the Big-Sea-Water, and sailed far away.

Things to do at school or home:

In a certain school there is a beautiful island which some children have built on their sand table. In this island live real little trees, moss, and grass and pulled, up on the shore, or floating on the water, are some fairylike dugout canoes. They are made of alder branches which have a soft, pithy center and are easily cut. Look at the picture on page 66, and you will see how Hiawatha made his dugout canoe.

From among the trees that you know, find some suitable branches. You can make a dugout canoe by digging out the center and shaping the ends. Like Hiawatha's Cheemaun it will float out upon the water

"Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily."

Try it and see![2]

[1] *Wampum.* Indian money.

[2] After the dugout canoes are made, see the birch-bark canoe, Part II, p. 181.



HIAWATHA'S FISHING

I

Forth upon the Gitche Gumee,
On the shining Big-Sea-Water,
With his fishing line of cedar,
Of the twisted bark of cedar,
Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma,
Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,
In his birch canoe exulting
All alone went Hiawatha.

Through the clear, transparent water
He could see the fishes swimming
Far down in the depths below him;
See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
See the Shawgashee, the crawfish,
On the white and sandy bottom.

II

At the stern sat Hiawatha,
With his fishing line of cedar;

On the bows, with tail erected,
Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo.
On the white sand of the bottom
Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,
Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes;
Through his gills he breathed the water
With his fins he fanned and winnowed,
With his tail he swept the sand floor.
There he lay in all his armor;
Painted was he with his war paints,
Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,
Spots of brown and spots of sable;
And he lay there on the bottom,
Fanning with his fins of purple,
As above him Hiawatha
In his birch canoe came sailing,
With his fishing line of cedar.

III

"Take my bait!" cried Hiawatha,
Down into the depths beneath him,
"Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma!
Let us see which is the stronger!"
And he dropped his line of cedar
Through the clear, transparent water,
Waited vainly for an answer,

Long sat waiting for an answer,
And repeating loud and louder,
"Take my bait, O King of Fishes!"

IV

Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,
Fanning slowly in the water,
Looking up at Hiawatha,
Listening to his call and clamor,
Till he wearied of the shouting;
And he said to the Kenozha,
To the pike, the Maskenozha,
"Take the bait of this rude fellow,
Break the line of Hiawatha!"
In his fingers Hiawatha
Felt the loose line jerk and tighten;
As he drew it in, it tugged so,
That the birch canoe stood endwise,
Like a birch log in the water,
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Perched and frisking on the summit.

V

Full of scorn was Hiawatha
When he saw the fish rise upward,
Coming nearer, nearer to him,
And he shouted through the water,

"Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are but the pike, Kenozha,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!"
Reeling downward to the bottom
Sank the pike in great confusion,

VI

And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,
Said to Ugudwash, the sun fish,
"Take the bait of this great boaster,
Break the line of Hiawatha!"
Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming,
Rose the Ugudwash, the sun fish,
Seized the line of Hiawatha,
Swung with all his weight upon it,
Made a whirlpool in the water,
Till the circles in the water
Reached the far-off sandy beaches.

VII

But when Hiawatha saw him
Loud he shouted in derision,
"Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are Ugudwash, the sun fish,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!"

Slowly downward, wavering, gleaming,
Sank the Ugudwash, the sun fish.

VIII

And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
Heard the shout of Hiawatha,
Ringing far across the water.
From the white sand of the bottom
Up he rose with angry gesture,
Clashing all his plates of armor,
Gleaming bright with all his war paint;
In his wrath he darted upward,
Opened his great jaws, and swallowed
Both canoe and Hiawatha.

IX

Down into that darksome cavern
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,
As a log on some black river
Shoots and plunges down the rapids.
Found himself in utter darkness,
Groped about in helpless wonder,
Till he felt a great heart beating,
Throbbing in that utter darkness.
And he smote it in his anger,
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,
Felt the mighty King of Fishes



Opened his great jaws, and swallowed
Both canoe and Hiawatha

Shudder through each nerve and fiber,
Heard the water gurgle round him
As he leaped and staggered through it,
Sick at heart, and faint and weary.

X

Crosswise then did Hiawatha
Drag his birch canoe for safety,
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,
Forth he might be hurled and perish.
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Frisked and chattered very gayly,
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha
Till the labor was completed.
Then said Hiawatha to him,
"O my little friend, the squirrel,
Bravely have you toiled to help me;
Take the thanks of Hiawatha,
And the name which now he gives you;
For hereafter and forever
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,
Tail-in-air the boys shall call you!"

XI

And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
Gasped and quivered in the water,
Then was still, and drifted landward

Till he grated on the pebbles,
Till the listening Hiawatha
Heard him grate upon the margin,
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,
Lay there dead upon the margin.

XII

Then he heard a clang and flapping,
As of many wings assembling,
Saw a gleam of light above him,
Saw the glittering eyes of sea gulls
Gazing at him through the opening,
Heard them saying to each other,
"'Tis our brother, Hiawatha!"

XIII

And he shouted from below them,
"O ye sea gulls! O my brothers!
I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma;
With your claws the openings widen,
Set me free from this dark prison."
And the wild and clamorous sea gulls
Toiled with beak and claws together,
And from peril and from prison,
From the body of the sturgeon,
From the peril of the water,
They released my Hiawatha.

XIV

He was standing near his wigwam,
On the margin of the water,
And he called to old Nokomis,
Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma.
"I have slain the Mishe-Nahma,
Slain the King of Fishes!" said he;
"Look! the sea gulls feed upon him,
Yes, my friends Kayoshk, the sea gulls;
Drive them not away, Nokomis,
They have saved me from great peril
In the body of the sturgeon.
Wait until their meal is ended,
Till they homeward fly, at sunset,
To their nests among the marshes;
Then bring all your pots and kettles,
And make oil for us in winter."

XV

And she waited till the sunset,
Till Kayoshk, the sated sea gulls,
From their banquet rose with clamor,
And across the fiery sunset
Winged their way to far-off islands,
To their nests among the rushes.

To his sleep went Hiawatha,
And Nokomis to her labor,
Toiling patient in the moonlight,
Till the sun and moon changed places,
Till the sky was red with sunrise.

Fishing in the Moon of Ripe Rice

HOW THEY CAUGHT THE FISH

It was the Moon of Ripe Rice. Through the leafy woods Hiawatha wandered. There he heard Adjidaumo, the squirrel, "rattling in his hoard of acorns." In Muskoday, the meadow, he saw Ahmo, the bee, humming among the late blossoms. Both were very busy.

"Ah, wood people, it is well you work through summer sunshine, for a day is coming when the snow will close the doors of all your wigwams.

"The Indian is bringing in his store. Already Odahmin, the strawberry, has ripened in the summer sunshine, and we have dried and packed the fruit in strong caches. I made the caches myself, from slabs of wood wedged off the white pine. Strong boxes they are, hanging in the alder branches, out of the way of the 'Naked Bear.'

"But there are still other riches in Muskoday,



the meadow. The wild rice, Mahnomonee, and the corn, Mondamin, will be gathered in before the Moon of Falling Leaves. From the lake shore I see the sturgeon, Nahma, and the perch, Sahwa, shining like sunbeams through the water."

Then he called Nokomis, saying, "Good has been your work this summer. Let us go fishing every day. Let us store away fish for the days when the ice grows thicker and the snow deeper and deeper.

"Often have I known a hungry hunter to walk through the forest and find no track of deer or

rabbit. All the earth was hungry. Hungry was the sky above him, hungry were the stars in heaven, and at last from weakness he has fallen in the snow. For the winter days to come, then, let us fish and fish."

"Yes," said Nokomis, "we shall all go fishing every day. Here are hooks of bone, and lines and nets of the twisted bark of cedar, that the women have made."

Hiawatha then took a scoop-net. This had a long handle, and at the end was a hoop, with a deep net fastened to it. At sunrise next morning he took his fishing canoe, and he and Iagoo went out together.

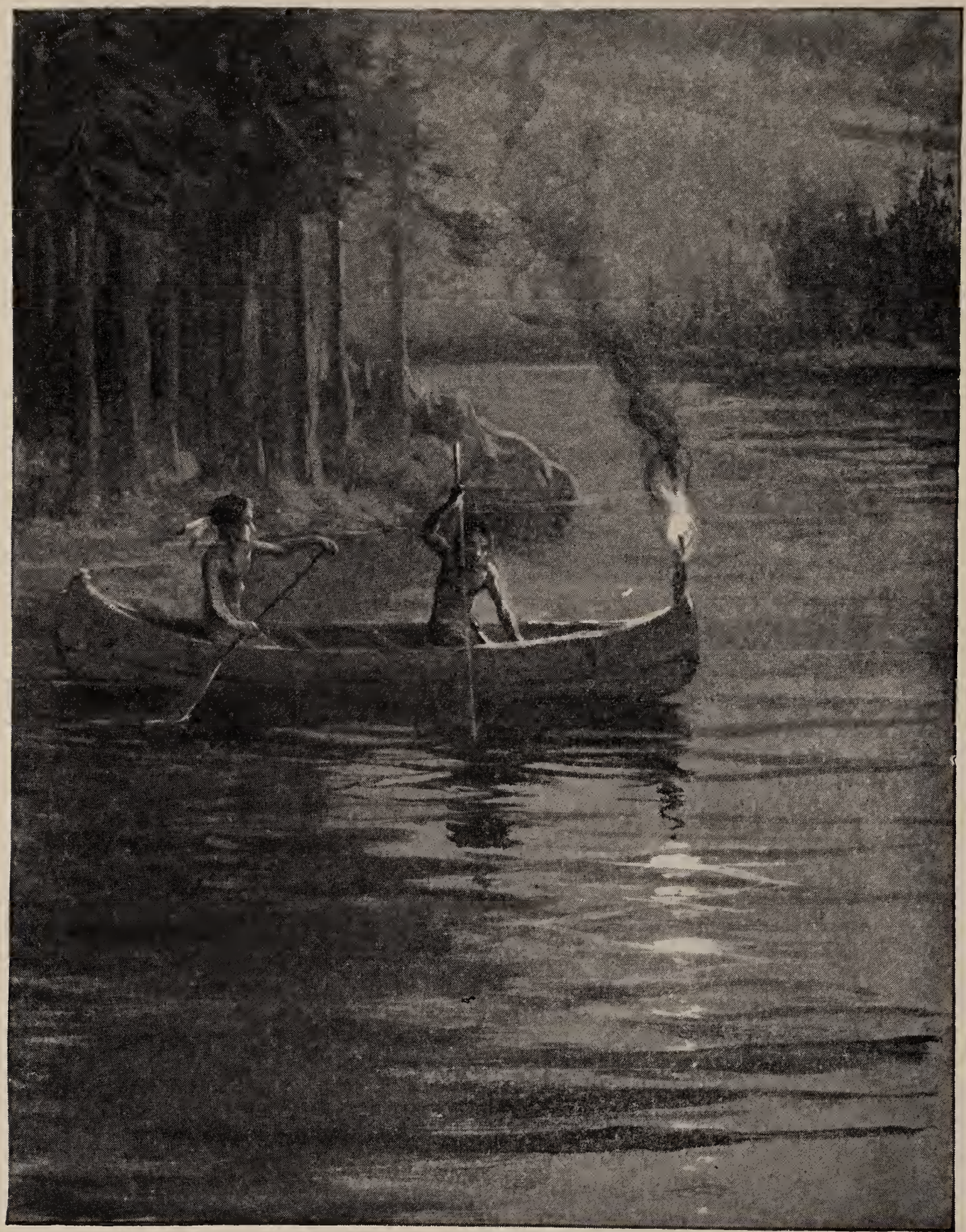
Hiawatha stood in the bow of the boat, while Iagoo sat at the stern, and steered. Soon Hiawatha saw a school of fish coming through the clear water. Down went his net with a quick motion and in an instant a number of fish were shining on the bottom of the canoe.

While the fishermen were gone, Nokomis hunted out a stream among the rocks at the foot of a waterfall. She knew the fish liked such places. "Fishing will be good to-day," said Nokomis. "I will make myself a dip-net. Here are two stout branches. I shall cross them like bows so that I



can tie my little net to their four ends. All I need now is a long fishpole. I will fasten this to the top where the bows meet. There, the dip-net is ready to use, and now I shall sit on this flat rock to fish.

"Down, down, little net, till you touch the sandy bottom. That is far enough. Now up, up,



At night the boys of the camp went fishing

again," and as Nokomis pulled the pole up, the bows began to bend, and lo! as she lifted the net to the rock it was sagging with fish!

"A good haul for the first," said she. "Jump into my basket, fish, and I will take you to my wigwam." Nokomis fished all day, and at night carried many fish to camp to be dried or smoked.

SPEARING FISH AT NIGHT

At night, when it was still and dark, the boys of the camp went fishing. The pines on the shore seemed to make the night blacker, but the water was smooth and quiet. The little fishers did not take hook and line, but spears. The ends of these spears were made of flint, and each one was fastened to a long pole.

They went in canoes, and to light the way burned torches made of pine knots. They fastened these to the bows of the boats, and softly paddled through the shallow water. The torches lighted the sandy bottom, and close inshore they could see Kenozha, the pike; Sahwa, the yellow perch, and even the giant Nahma, lying fast asleep on their sandy beds.

Very quietly moved the canoes, but when a fish was seen a sudden stroke of the spear, a quick inpull, and he lay on the bottom of the canoe

"Gleaming bright with all his war paint,
Clashing all his plates of armor."

The next day after the fishing trip the boys, girls, and women helped Nokomis string fish. They were first hung on frames in the sun, and when they were dry were packed away in caches.

Thus the Indians toiled through the drowsy, dreamy summer till the autumn painted all the trees with scarlet, and the Indians gave their feast of Mondamin, in the Moon of Falling Leaves.

Things to do at school or home:

Have you ever gone fishing with a string fastened to a stick and a crooked pin for a hook? Sahwa, the yellow perch, sends you a message from his sandy bed.

He says: "Children, that is not the way to fish! Instead, make a scoop-net like Hiawatha's. Go to the oak tree where stout branches grow. Cut a large, strong one, and make a round hoop of it by tying both ends together. Now you need a net. I cannot tell you how to make one, but mosquito netting will do. Make a large circle of the netting, and sew it to the hoop. Tie on a long handle, and you are ready to fish."

Thank you, Sahwa, we shall try to make a scoop-net this very day. To the trees, then, for a branch! When the hoop is made, perhaps mother will give us a piece of netting or a bit of very thin cloth for a net. Come to-morrow, and we will tell Sahwa, the yellow perch, what we have done.[1]

[1] If any know of other kinds of nets to be made with string and weights, let them experiment. Afterwards, see dip-net plans, Part II, p. 183.



HIAWATHA'S WOOING

I

From his lodge went Hiawatha,
Dressed for travel, armed for hunting;
Dressed in deerskin shirt and leggings,
Richly wrought with quills and wampum;
On his head his eagle feathers,
Round his waist his belt of wampum,
In his hand his bow of ash wood,
Strung with sinews of the reindeer;
In his quiver oaken arrows,
Tipped with jasper, winged with feathers.
He had mittens, Minjekahwun,
Magic mittens made of deerskin;
When upon his hands he wore them,
He could smite the rocks asunder,
He could grind them into powder.

He had moccasins enchanted,
Magic moccasins of deerskin;
When he bound them round his ankles,
When upon his feet he tied them,
At each stride a mile he measured!
So he journeyed westward, westward.

II

Only once his pace he slackened,
Only once he paused or halted,
Paused to purchase heads of arrows
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs.
There the ancient Arrow-maker
Made his arrowheads of sandstone,
Arrowheads of flint and jasper.
With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

III

Was it then for heads of arrows,
Arrowheads of flint and jasper,
That my Hiawatha halted
In the land of the Dacotahs?
Was it not to see the maiden,
See the face of Laughing Water?[1]

[1] Three of the above stanzas are taken from "Hiawatha and Mudjekeewis," as an introduction to *Hiawatha's Wooing* in order to introduce to the little reader the character of Minnehaha and to create a basis for industrial work.

IV

When he reached the lodge at sunset,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,
Warning said the old Nokomis:
"Wed a maiden of your people,
Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger, whom we know not!"

V

Smiling answered Hiawatha:
"In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people!"

VI

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs.
With his moccasins of magic
At each stride a mile he measured;
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.

On the outskirts of the forest,
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,
But they saw not Hiawatha;
To his bow he whispered, "Fail not!"
To his arrow whispered, "Swerve not!"
Sent it singing on its errand,
To the red heart of the roebuck;
Threw the deer across his shoulder,
And sped forward without pausing.

VII

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrowheads of jasper.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes.
She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning, in the springtime,
Came to buy her father's arrows.
She had heard her father praise him,
Praise his courage and his wisdom;
Would he come again for arrows?

VIII

Through their thoughts they heard a
footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches.
With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.
Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him,
"Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

IX

At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;
And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent,
"You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

X

Very spacious was the wigwam.
Made of deerskin dressed and whitened,
With the Gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains,

And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle feathers
As he entered at the doorway.

XI

Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.

XII

Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha:
"Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

XIII

And the ancient Arrow-maker

Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
And made answer very gravely:
"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"
And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely as she stood there,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him.
This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs!

XIV

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow.
Over wide and rushing rivers
In his arms he bore the maiden;
Light he thought her as a feather.
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,
Bent aside the swaying branches,
Made at night a lodge of branches,
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
And a fire before the doorway

With the dry cones of the pine tree.
From his ambush in the oak tree
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Scampered from the path before them,
Peering, peeping from his burrow,
Sat erect upon his haunches.

XV

Pleasant was the journey homeward!
All the birds sang loud and sweetly.
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
Sang the robin, the Opechee.
From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the branches,
Saying to them, "O my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"
From the sky the moon looked at them,
Whispered to them "O my children,
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"
Thus it was they journeyed homeward;
Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,

Brought the sunshine of his people,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

The Wedding Ceremony and the Magic of the Indian Fire Sticks

From the Arrow-maker's wigwam
Went the joyous Hiawatha,
"Leading with him Laughing Water;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow."

Then said happy Hiawatha:
"I will build for Minnehaha,
I will build for her a wigwam,
Of the branches of the willow;
Then a bed with boughs of hemlock,
'And a fire, before the doorway.'
To make fire I'll use my fire sticks.
Here 's the hearth of Fairy Fire,
A flat board that's soft and spongy.

"In its center, see the fire hole?
In this hole I'll place some tinder,
Powdered grass as dry as ashes.
In the hearth I'll fit my fire wand,
Made of hardest wood, and pointed.
Now I'll twirl it fast and faster!



To the camp fire of the fairies
They threw dry cones of the pine tree

Round and round, my little fire wand,
Till you call out all the fairies!"
"Ah!" said laughing Minnehaha,
"From the hearth I see a smoke rise!"
And beneath the tiny smoke cloud
There appeared a bright spark fairy.

Hiawatha then with fanning
Held it close to withered grasses,
And with crackling, cheery laughter,
Out sped every flaming fairy.
"Ah," said merry Hiawatha,
"See them dancing at our wedding!"
And with joyous joke and laughing,
To the camp fire of the fairies
They threw dry cones of the pine tree
That they gathered round the doorway.

"Now," said lovely Minnehaha,
"I shall cook a bowl of sweet corn."
And from out her deerskin pocket
She took kernels of Mondamin,
Cooked a bowl for Hiawatha,
Took it to him, saying sweetly,
"For my noble Hiawatha."
Then said he to Laughing Water,
"I am happy, I am happy,

This I eat, my Minnehaha.
'T is our wedding ceremony."

From the sky the moon looked at them,
Whispered to them, "Listen, children.
'Rule by love, O Hiawatha,'
'Rule by patience, Laughing Water!'"
"Thus it was they journeyed homeward;
Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
Brought the sunshine of his people,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water."

Things to do at school or home:

I am an Indian tree sprite. I taught Minnehaha how to use the branches of trees to make Indian beds. I will tell you if you will make one just big enough for a little sprite like me. Will you?

Four forked twigs will make the bed posts. For the sides, tie a straight twig into each pair of the forked posts. Now the sides are finished.

For the head of the bed, join the sides by tying a twig across their ends. Make the foot in the same way. Now some twigs for bed slats; tie them, and the bed is done.

The Indians used blankets to spread over their beds, but you can make me a mat of grasses, for I like it better. When you have finished, leave the little bed close to the tree you love best, and next time the moon comes out I shall find it.



THE WEDDING GIFT OF POTTERY FROM THE PUK-WUDJIES

KING PUK SETS THE LITTLE MEN TO WORK

In the lonesome woods along the shore of the Big-Sea-Water live some little men called Puk-Wudjies.[1] The Indian hunters say they can see their tiny footprints in the sand, and that they often hear their voices. They love to dance among

[1] Little fairy folk. See Schoolcraft, *Hiawatha Legends*, Introduction.

the rocks, but when they hear any one coming they vanish behind the pine trees.

These little vanishing men of the woods loved Hiawatha, though they sometimes annoyed him with their pranks. They often ran away with his game, and plucked feathers out of his war cap. Yet Hiawatha was fond of them.

When the king of the Puk-Wudjies told the little men that Hiawatha was to be married, they fell to dancing. But King Puk called them to order, and said:

"If you love our Hiawatha,
Then to work, and help Nokomis!
Hunting deer, and bear, and bison,
This we cannot, with our arrows,
But we 'll make for our brave hunter
Wedding cups, and bowls, and baskets.
Bring a wooden stump from yonder."

So all the little men tripped to the woods. They found a small stump, and with all their might they pushed against it, while they cried in fairy accents: "Give, give, O mighty tree stump!" In a moment the stump was uprooted.

"But now," cried the little men, "what shall we do for horses to pull the great stump?"

"We will help," said some field mice. So the



little men hitched the mice by their long tails to the roots of the stump. For lines, a wood spider loaned them a very stout cobweb.

The field mice found the stump heavy, but they

hauled it to the king. The king was well pleased with the mice, so he set them free in a field of corn.

MAKING THE GREAT BOWL

"Now," said he to the Puk-Wudjies,
"Bring the knives of all the fairies
Round this stump, and trim it neatly.
Hew it out, and make it bowl-like."

With a hundred little tools of stone the stump was then quickly hollowed out like a bowl. For they were fairies, you know. When the work was finished, it looked like a dish, but the king used it for a mold, and sent to the brook for clay.

When the Puk-Wudjies reached the brook they could find nothing on which to carry the clay.

"Use me," said a rock from the brook bed.

"Who will drag the stone?" asked the tiny men.

"We," answered two strong squirrels from the tree. "Adjidaumo loves Hiawatha."

So the Puk-Wudjies hitched the squirrels to the stone, and they dragged the clay to the king. King Puk was glad to see such helpful squirrels, so he gave them a fine bag of nuts.

The king then covered the wooden mold with clay, for he wanted to make a huge fruit dish. He next thought he would decorate it. So with a

little red clay dust and water he made paint.

"Oh, my," said the little King Puk,
"Now what shall I do for a brush?"

"I'll offer my tail," said Wabasso, the rabbit, "for Wabasso is Hiawatha's brother."

So the king took the tail, dipped it into the paint, and painted the dish red. With a sharp stick he scratched a pattern on it.

"Now 't is done!" shouted the Puk-Wudjies, and they all began to dance around it.

"Oh, no!" said the little King Puk,
"An oven it needs for a bake."

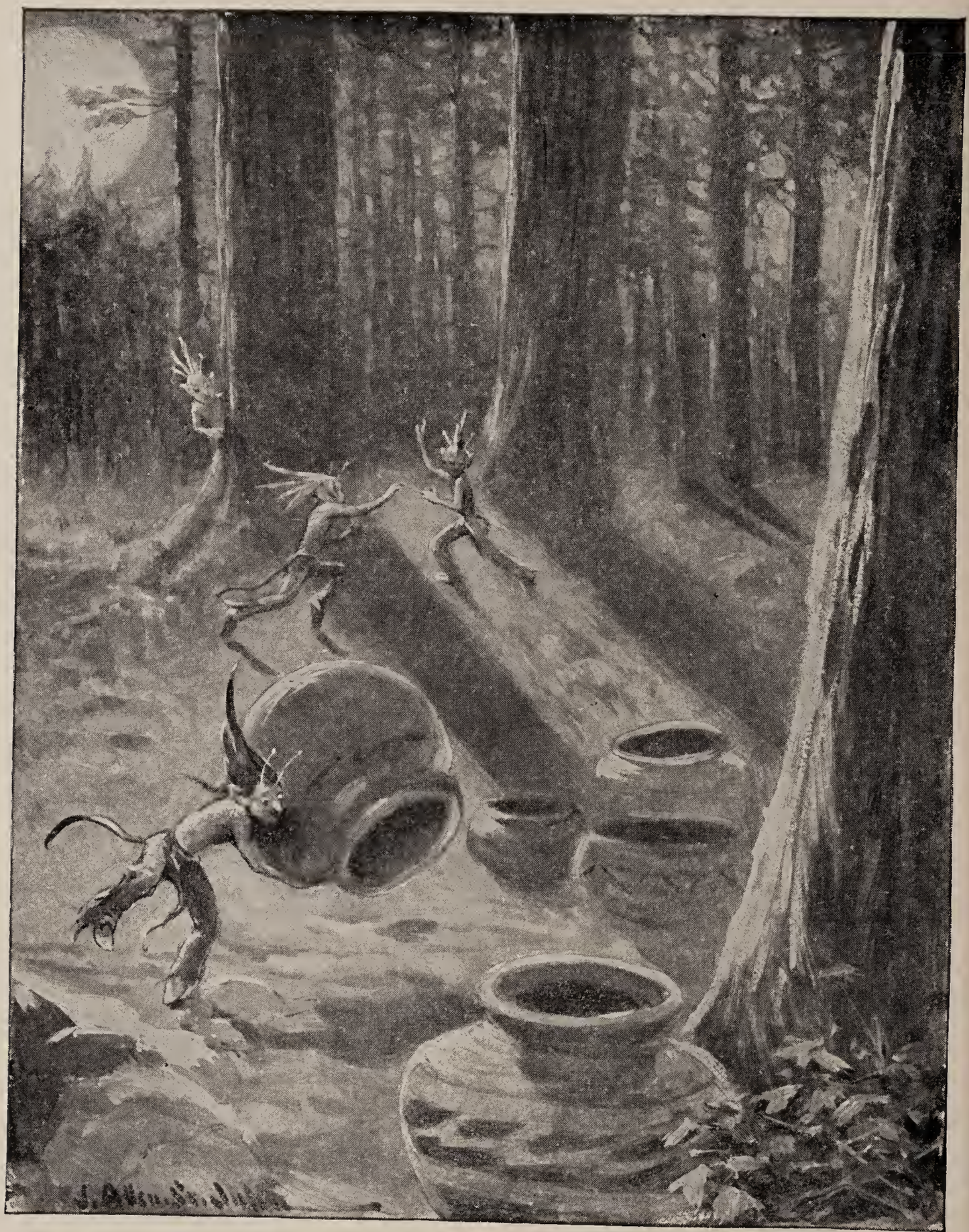
In a twinkling the little men were on the lake shore, gathering stones, and in no time they made an oven. Under it they built a slow fire, and into the hot air put mold, dish, and all, to bake.

When the dish was hard, King Puk lifted it right off the wooden mold.

"This bowl must be filled with fruit!" said the little men. So away they ran to the woods, and brought berries and wild grapes, which they piled high on the dish ready for the wedding.

THE FAIRIES MAKE WEDDING CUPS, JARS, AND JUGS

The fairies next made cups without any help from the king. Each cup they shaped with their



Just as he was about to set it down, he stumbled and fell

fingers out of one piece of clay. One fairy wove a basket of willow twigs. This he lined with clay and baked slowly, burning off the twig basket. When it was finished, it was a jug. The fairies liked it so well that they called it "King Puk."

"See here," said a fairy, pulling something out of his pocket that made all the fairies jump. They thought it a snake, for it was green and long, but as he laid it coil on coil, round and round, on the rock, it began to look like a jar.

"This is green clay," said he. "Firmly I will weld all the coils together with my fingers. To make it smooth inside, I will rub it with a squash rind." With his fingers he then pinched in a little pattern on the outside, and the jar was ready to fire.

All day and night the little men worked, till time for sunrise. Then, with wedding cups and bowls filled with love and good wishes for Hiawatha, they floated out in their fairy canoes. By the light of the morning moon they soon found their way to the camp of Nokomis.

Not a sound could be heard. All the gifts but the last jar had been placed among the pines. This was carried by one of the strongest of the men, but just as he was about to set it down, he stumbled over a stone and fell.

In a moment Nokomis was out of her wigwam, for she had heard the sound, but poor, clumsy Puk-Wudjie vanished just in time behind a tree, and all Nokomis could hear, as she listened, were the voices of the little men in the distance.

Things to do at school or home:

Listen to me. I am a wise little Puk-Wudjie. I used to have to drink out of acorn cups, and when winter spread its snow blanket it was hard to find them. But a good day came when the Indians began to use clay. Then they showed us how to make all the dishes we needed for our table.

How do you suppose they ever thought of so many kinds? Oh, I know. Whenever they needed a new dish, they hunted in the woods and swamps for pretty new shapes.

One day they found a gourd with a handle. They cut this so that it made a fine dipper, and then they made others like it, in clay. A bluebell from the woodland was a pretty sugar-bowl shape. The pitcher plant held water, just as it should, so the only change they had to make in the clay pitcher was to give it a nose and a handle. The oak tree will surely lend you something that you can use. Can you think what?

Perhaps you can find some other flowers and plants that might have helped wise Indians, or Puk-Wudjies. Be one of our helpers, and make wedding bowls and jugs and mugs of clay for Hiawatha's wedding. Read the story again, and find out how to decorate them. If you cannot bake your pottery, dry it, and then paint on your designs. Show me what you can do, and I will peek in at the window and watch you while you work.



HIAWATHA'S WEDDING FEAST

I

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis
Made at Hiawatha's wedding;
All the bowls were made of bass wood,
White and polished very smoothly,
All the spoons of horn of bison,
Black and polished very smoothly.
She had sent through all the village
Messengers with wands of willow,
As a sign of invitation;
And the wedding guests assembled,
Clad in all their richest raiment,
Robes of fur and belts of wampum,

Splendid with their paint and plumage,
Beautiful with beads and tassels.

II

First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma,
Caught and cooked by old Nokomis;
Then on pemican they feasted,
Pemican and buffalo marrow,
Haunch of deer and hump of bison,
Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,
And the wild rice of the river.
But the gracious Hiawatha,
And the lovely Laughing Water,
And the careful old Nokomis,
Tasted not the food before them,
Only waited on the others,
Only served their guests in silence.
And when all the guests had finished,
Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,
From an ample pouch of otter,
Filled the red stone pipes for smoking
With tobacco from the Southland,
Mixed with bark of the red willow,
And with herbs and leaves of fragrance.

III

Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Dance for us your merry dances,
Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gayly,
And our guests be more contented!"

IV

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
He the merry mischief maker,
Rose among the guests assembled.
He was dressed in shirt of doeskin,
White and soft, and fringed with ermine,
All inwrought with beads of wampum;
He was dressed in deerskin leggings,
Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,
And in moccasins of buckskin,
Thick with quills and beads embroidered.
On his head were plumes of swan's down,
On his heels were tails of foxes,
In one hand a fan of feathers,
And a pipe was in the other.
Barred with streaks of red and yellow,
Streaks of blue and bright vermilion,
Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.
From his forehead fell his tresses,
Smooth, and parted like a woman's,

Shining bright with oil, and plaited,
Hung with braids of scented grasses,
As among the guests assembled,
To the sound of flutes and singing,
To the sound of drums and voices,
Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
And began his mystic dances.

V

First he danced a solemn measure,
Very slow in step and gesture,
In and out among the pine trees,
Through the shadows and the sunshine,
Treading softly like a panther.
Then more swiftly and still swifter,
Whirling, spinning round in circles,
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,
Eddying round and round the wigwam,
Till the leaves went whirling with him,
Till the dust and wind together
Swept in eddies round about him.
Then along the sandy margin
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,
On he sped with frenzied gestures,
Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it
Wildly in the air around him;

Till the wind became a whirlwind,
Till the sand was blown and sifted
Like great snowdrifts o'er the landscape,
Heaping all the shores with sand dunes.

VI

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis
Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,
And, returning, sat down laughing
There among the guests assembled,
Sat and fanned himself serenely
With his fan of turkey feathers.
Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,
Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Thus the wedding banquet ended,
And the wedding guests departed,
Leaving Hiawatha happy
With the night and Minnehaha.

In the Moon of the Sweet Water

A MAPLE SUGAR CAMP

Scattered mounds of snow told of winter, but

"In the thickets and the meadows,
Piped the bluebird, the Owaissa;
On the summit of the lodges
Sang the robin, the Opechee."



From her leafy wigwam peeped arbutus, bringing the first greeting of the springtime. In the woodland maple trees dripped sweet water from every knot-hole. Then Nokomis, calling to the women, said:

"Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
Comes to greet us from the Southland,
Bids us wander through the forest.
Of the bark we'll make our buckets
Thus to catch the sap that's flowing.
'Makaks' too, like birchen boxes,
For the packing of our sugar."

Nokomis then went out into the woods with

the women, and they folded their birch-bark dishes. "Let us work hard," said she, "for before the earth and all the animals awake from their long winter's sleep we shall find little to eat but maple sugar.

"We must all pray to the Great Spirit to make the sap flow freely from the trees, for this food comes just in time for hungry Indians.

"O Master of Life," said Nokomis, "let the sap flow freely from the trees!"

When the vessels were all finished the Indians had many thousands. These they carried with them to the sugar bush.[1] It took a long time to get there, and the moon was shining brightly through the trees before their wigwams were set up and the new camp ready.

THE DANCE IN THE MOONLIGHT

As soon as the evening meal was over, a drum sounded, and the Indians gathered together in the moonlight. They stood in a circle, and putting a drum in the center, danced around it.[2] The leader whirled faster than the rest, and urged all of the Indians to sing louder and louder. After that, one of the braves made a speech, saying,

[1] Sugar bush, or grove of sugar maples.

[2] See *Bulletin 45, Bureau of American Ethnology*, for description of various kinds of Indian dances.



The maple-sugar camp

"'T is the Moon of the Sweet Water.[1]
Wave your buckets and your axes,
That the sap may flow more freely
From the heart of every tree trunk;
Let it flow and flow more freely
In the Moon of the Sweet Water."

"How,[2] how," said the braves, and they sang:

"Let it flow and flow more freely,
In the Moon of the Sweet Water."

There was another speech. "How, how, how," said the rest, and they all danced, and they danced, and they sang, and they danced again. Hour after hour sounded the beat of the drum and the shrill voices of the singers. At last they all fell asleep, all but the dogs, who barked till almost morning.

MAKING THE SUGAR

The next day after the dance the Indians were ready to tap the trees. Nokomis made two gashes like an **X** in a maple, saying the magic words of the song they had sung the night before: "Now the sap is flowing freely from the trees."[3] She pushed a chip into the gash, and behold! the sap ran down the chip into her birchen bucket at the foot of the tree. When the bucket was full, Nokomis

[1] The Moon of the Sweet Water is the Indian name for the month of March.
[2] "How" means good.
[3] For the music of this song, see *Bulletin 45, Bureau of American Ethnology*, p. 87.



poured the sweet water into a large kettle and hung it over the fire. Those who did not have kettles, boiled the sweet water by dropping red-hot stones into vessels of the sap.

"Stir, stir, stir," said old Nokomis,
"Spoon of wood, stir sap to sirup,
And before it turns to sugar,
On the snow I'll drop a little
Thus to make the Indian candy—
Maple wax, as sweet as sugar."

The maple-sugar season was the best of all the year to the children, and so they too had their dance, and a little feast all their own.

Nokomis boiled the rest of the sap over the fire until it began to sugar. She then poured it into

a wooden trough and beat it hard with her spoon until it turned a light golden color. When it was quite hard, she broke it into pieces, and packed it away in her makaks. Thus ended the maple-sugar season, in the Moon of the Sweet Water.

Things to do at school or home:

Greetings from the maple trees! Sweet water drips from all our knotholes. We are ready to give you sweet sap, when you learn how to make little buckets to gather it. Birch bark is best, but paper will do while you are learning. Sit on that tree stump, and learn how to fold a little bucket.

First make a cornucopia. Holding it together at the top, fold the pointed end up till the cornucopia grows quite short. Cut off half of this folded end. Next, trim off the upper rim of the cornucopia until it is round like a bucket. (See the picture in Part II, p. 179.) Sew the folded end to the side of the bucket, put on the handle, and it is ready to use.[1] I will say good-by now, hoping that sometime you will all come to a sugar bush to tap a tree for yourselves.

An outdoor lesson:

Indeed, kind Maple, we shall be glad to tap one of your trees. We intend playing we are Indians and we shall take our buckets and our axes. We shall cut a gash in a maple, then push a hardwood chip deep into the cut, and under it hang a tin pail. We will have a dance in the Moon of the Sweet Water. Our chief will make a speech, and if we sing our maple-sugar song, sap will flow into our buckets.

[1] This pattern of the sap vessel has the same appearance as the Indian bucket shown in Part II, p. 179, but it is a simplified pattern. Let every one experiment. For directed patterns for the making of the real Indian models, see Part II, pp. 178-181.



BLESSING THE CORNFIELDS

I

All around the happy village
Stood the maize fields, green and shining,
Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,
Waved his soft and sunny tresses,
Filling all the land with plenty.
'T was the women who in springtime
Planted the broad fields and fruitful,
Buried in the earth Mondamin;
'T was the women who in autumn
Stripped the yellow husks of harvest,

Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Even as Hiawatha taught them.

II

Once, when all the maize was planted,
Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful,
Spake and said to Minnehaha,
To his wife, the Laughing Water:
"You shall bless to-night the cornfields,
Draw a magic circle round them,
To protect them from destruction,
Blast of mildew, blight of insect,
Wagemin, the thief of cornfields,
Paimosaid, who steals the maize ear!

"In the night, when all is silence,
In the night, when all is darkness,
When the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,
Shuts the doors of all the wigwams,
So that not an ear can hear you,
So that not an eye can see you,
Rise up from your bed in silence,
Walk around the fields you planted,
Round the borders of the cornfields.

"Thus the fields shall be more fruitful,
And the passing of your footsteps
Draw a magic circle round them,
So that neither blight nor mildew,

Neither burrowing worm nor insect,
Shall pass o'er the magic circle!"

III

When the noiseless night descended
Broad and dark o'er field and forest,
And the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,
Shut the doors of all the wigwams,
From her bed rose Laughing Water,
Walked securely round the cornfields,
Drew the sacred, magic circle
Of her footprints round the cornfields.

IV

Summer passed, and Shawondasee
Breathed his sighs o'er all the landscape,
From the Southland sent his ardors,
Wafted kisses warm and tender;
And the maize field grew and ripened,
Till it stood in all the splendor
Of its garments green and yellow,
Of its tassels and its plumage.

V

Then Nokomis, the old woman,
Spake, and said to Minnehaha:
"'T is the Moon when leaves are falling;

All the wild rice has been gathered,
And the maize is ripe and ready;
Let us gather in the harvest,
Let us wrestle with Mondamin,
Strip him of his plumes and tassels,
Of his garments green and yellow!"
And the merry Laughing Water
Went rejoicing from the wigwam,
With Nokomis, old and wrinkled,
And they called the women round them,
Called the young men and the maidens,
To the harvest of the cornfields,
To the husking of the maize ear.

VI

On the border of the forest,
Underneath the fragrant pine trees,
Sat the old men and the warriors
Smoking in the pleasant shadow.
In uninterrupted silence
Looked they at the gamesome labor
Of the young men and the women;
Listened to their noisy talking,
To their laughter and their singing,
Heard them chattering like the magpies,
Heard them laughing like the blue jays,
Heard them singing like the robins.

VII

And whene'er some lucky maiden
Found a red ear in the husking,
Found a maize ear red as blood is,
"Nushka!" cried they all together,
"Nushka! you shall have a sweetheart,
You shall have a handsome husband!"
"Ugh!"[1] the old men all responded,
From their seats beneath the pine trees.

VIII

And whene'er a youth or maiden
Found a crooked ear in husking,
Found a maize ear in the husking
Blighted, mildewed, or misshapen,
Then they laughed and sang together:
"Wagemin, the thief of cornfields!
Paimosaid, who steals the maize ear!"
Till the cornfields rang with laughter,
"Ugh!" the old men all responded,
From their seats beneath the pine trees!

An Indian Thanksgiving

MONDAMIN TEACHES THE WOMEN TO MAKE MEAL

It was the Moon of Falling Leaves. The wild nuts and the fruits had been packed away in caches

[1] *Ugh* means "yes."



for the winter. The Indians had built a storehouse of laths and clay for the corn. It was tightly made, able to keep out the smallest insect, and high up, out of the way of the "Naked Bear." The house stood on four very tall tree posts. It had no windows, and only one door at the gable end.

At Nokomis's husking festival the women and all the young people had stored their corn away in this house. Minnehaha called it the house of Mondamin. To this place she liked to go all alone.

Early one morning she went there to pray and fast. Minnehaha, like Hiawatha, did not pray for greater gifts for herself. She prayed that the Great Spirit would teach her how best to help her people.

It was dark in the house of Mondamin, but as she prayed there appeared from out the darkness a youth in shining robes.

> Plumes of gold bent o'er his forehead,
> And his hair was soft and yellow.
> Said he, "O my Minnehaha,
> 'From the Master of Life descending,
> I, the friend of man, Mondamin,'
> Come to help you, and instruct you.
> Call two other maidens quickly."

Even as Minnehaha opened the door to leave the storehouse, she saw the maidens coming toward her. She said to them, "Maidens, come with me to the house of Mondamin, for he has a message for us." So with Minnehaha they went to the house. "Do not speak," whispered Minnehaha, "only wait for Mondamin."

When they closed the door behind them it was very dark, but from out the darkness Mondamin appeared once more in his shining robes. In accents like the sighing of the South Wind he said:



"'From the Master of Life descending,
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,'
Come, O maidens, to instruct you.
I will show you how by labor
You can make for all your people
Bread from kernels hard as wampum."

To each he then gave a large flat stone, or metat. These he set slantingly on the ground. The workers, side by side, knelt in front of them. Giving a rubbing stone to each of the maidens, Mondamin threw a handful of kernels on Minnehaha's metat.

She crushed the corn a little, and then passed



Mondamin showing Minnehaha how to make corn bread

it to the next, who ground it still finer. By the time the third had used her rubbing stone, the hard and yellow kernels had been crushed to golden meal. As fast as the corn meal was ready, they poured it into a skin bag.

When the work was thus started, Mondamin said:

"Speak no word to other maidens.
Grind the kernels, hard as wampum,
Till the sun and moon change places;
Then I'll come again to help you."

As he spoke, the room grew brighter, till sunlight seemed to fill it, and as quietly as morning comes, Mondamin disappeared in sunshine.

TEACHES THEM TO MAKE CORN BREAD

Then singing softly, over and over Minnehaha threw on new handfuls of the maize, which they passed from one to the other. They toiled all day. The bag was almost filled with meal. The sun and moon changed places, but within the house it did not grow dark, and, amidst the light, appeared Mondamin, with his shining robes about him. Smiling, he said:

"'Tis enough, my Minnehaha,
Come with me into the moonlight."

The maidens took their bag of corn meal with them, and Mondamin led them to the side of a little brook not far away. Here they found a large, flat rock on the bank. He built a fire under it, and soon the stone grew hot.

He then showed them how to make dough by mixing the meal with water. With his hand he spread a sheet of it on the hot stone. It was turned once, and then folded or rolled up, and the bread was ready to be eaten. When this was done, as silently as the coming of night, the youth Mondamin disappeared.

Busily Minnehaha and her maidens made bread for their people all through the night. In the glory of the sunrise Minnehaha joyously called Hiawatha and all the Indians to taste the corn bread which Mondamin had taught them to make.

How good and sweet the bread was! To show their thanks to Minnehaha, all the maidens, the women, and the men too, gathered around her, and danced and sang.

Minnehaha then taught all the maidens and the women how to grind the corn to make bread. At evening they sat about the camp fire to rest after their long day of toiling. Then said Minnehaha to her people:

"Happy are the days of harvest
In the Moon when leaves are falling,
And in honor of Mondamin
Let us, in the pleasant moonlight,
Offer thanks to the Great Spirit."

Things to do at school or home:

I, Mondamin, sing of the summer time when I offered my milky ears of sweet green corn to be roasted in the embers. Now my plumes have turned to gold, and it is time for thoughtful Indians to gather in the ripened ears for winter.

I lived in the days long ago when Indians stored their corn in clay houses set up high on four stout posts. Not a single insect could creep in, and though the "Naked Bear" prowled around at night, he could not reach the corn.

Make such a clay storehouse, boys and girls. Use stout twigs for the high posts.[1] I will come again to see your work.

An outdoor lesson:

The story of the Indian Thanksgiving told us how Mondamin taught Minnehaha and the maidens to grind the corn and make corn bread. Let us gather the ripe ears from our gardens, or bring them from home, and grind some of the kernels too. We need three metats and three millers to change the kernels hard as wampum into golden corn meal. It takes a long time to grind very much, so let us mix with it some corn meal we have brought from mother's supply. Now we can make bread in the Indian way. How shall we do it, and what do we need?

[1] Do not direct; urge experiment. Later, see p. 185.



THE HARVEST OF THE RICE MOON

THE TRIP TO THE RIVER

The goldenrod was turning yellow. The golden plumes of Mondamin waved in the summer breeze. Minnehaha called all the maidens and the young men, and said to them:

"'Tis the season's Moon of Ripe Rice.
Let us travel to the river,
Where the rice is green and shining.
There we'll tie the stems in bundles,
Leave them to the summer sunshine
Till they stand in autumn splendor,
Golden sheaves of harvest plenty."

This was good news to the Indians, and they danced around Minnehaha gleefully. Then they tripped joyously away to pack for the camping trip, chattering like magpies and laughing like blue jays. At last they were ready to go.

They walked through the forest till noon, and then stopped by the brookside to cook. While the children gathered wood, the men and boys went fishing and Minnehaha and Nokomis made fires.

Striking two pieces of flint together, Nokomis said:

"Flint to flint I strike for lightning!
See the flashes spark and kindle
Tinder of dry moss and rushes."

With her quick and skillful hand, soon her fire was blazing.

Meantime, Minnehaha had found two soft, spongy pieces of wood and was rubbing them briskly together.

"Spirit spark within the firewood,
Kindle lights among the dry leaves,
Till the fires within the forest
Make it bright as noonday sunshine!"

Lighter then grew the forest with the cheerful fires. Adjidaumo the squirrel, hiding behind a pine



branch, dropped dry cones into the fire. Soon the men and boys returned, and when the cooking was over, they all marched on again toward the sunset. They reached the river in the evening.

THE RICE CAMP LODGE

The men were building the camp fires when Nokomis called all the Indians to her. Pointing to some freshly cut saplings, she said:

"I will build a lodge[1] of branches
For our tribe at Moon of Ripe Rice,
Here are poles both light and limber.
In the earth their ends I'll bury,
Arch them like the dome of heaven.

[1] See framework of this lodge, p. 189.

"Then a door I'll bend to westward;
To the east, I'll turn another.
Let us now our wigwam cover
With close mats of woven rushes,
Thus to shut out wind and weather!"

"A splendid lodge, where more than one family can live all together! Just the lodge for a rice camp! Wa-hi-hi-hi-hi', Wa-hi-hi-hi-hi'!" sang the Indians. "We will make this lodge in honor of the Moon of Ripe Rice. Wa-hi-hi-hi-hi'! Wa-hi-hi-hi-hi'!"

Just at dark the campers sat down by the fires to eat their broth and berries. The wind whispered through the forest. "Minne-wawa!" said the pine trees. They heard the lapping of the water. "Mudway-aushka!" said the water; and before long, Wah-wah-taysee, little white-fire firefly, flitting through the dusk of evening, lighted the children to bed with his candle.

In the morning, after breakfast, the boys and girls went to pick berries in the woods. But the men and women went out on the river in their canoes with Hiawatha and Laughing Water. Very soon they saw the tall rice stems, with their long green grasses rising out of the shallow water. Hiawatha sat at one end of the canoe



Minnehaha gathering the ripe rice

and paddled, while Minnehaha stood up in the other, and tied armfuls of the green rice stems together.

One canoe after another passed through the tall grasses, and the Indians, tying bundles here and there, made many canoe paths running all through the green. The kernels of rice were not yet ripe, but they fastened the long grasses together, to keep the kernels from dropping off into the water.

After this work was finished, the Indians had time for long tramps in the woods. The boys and girls played from morning till night. They tamed a little bear, and became acquainted with many new birds. Indeed, those were happy days that the children never forgot.

GATHERING THE RIPE RICE

Day by day the rice grew riper, and at last turned golden under the summer sun. It was well that the Indians had tied the long stems together, for even when birds lighted on the grasses they made the slender kernels tremble and fall into the water.

It was now time to gather the rice.

"Come with me," said Minnehaha,

"For the grain is ripe and ready.
Let us strip the ripened grasses
Of their dark and slender kernels;
With a bundle bending forward,
Let us beat the grain with paddles,
Filling our canoes with riches,
With the harvest of the Rice Moon."

When the grain was thus gathered, they paddled back and emptied it on skins to dry in the sun until it was ready to be tied up and taken home. One night the Indians wanted a feast of the rice, but many grains still clung to their dry husks. So Hiawatha dug a little pit in the ground, lined it with skins, and poured some of the rice into it. He then beat the husks off with sticks.

"Now," said laughing Minnehaha,
"We must call the winds to winnow.
Blow, ye winds! Set free the kernels!
Blow away the chaff that holds them
While from tray to basket shaken,
Blow the chaff, ye winds, blow lightly."

The wind soon winnowed the rice, and Minnehaha cooked it by boiling the water with red-hot stones. When the rice was ready and steaming, she surprised them by bringing out some maple sugar. How good it was on the boiled wild rice!

This was the last of their happy holiday, so before the "Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin, shut the doors of all the wigwams," the Indians sang a song of praise to the Moon of the Ripe Rice.

Things to do at school or home:

I am Shuh-shuh-gah, the blue heron "who feeds among the reeds and rushes!" Yonder is a ricefield, and soon the Indians will be coming with their canoes to gather in the harvest. They will dry it as the story tells you; thresh it, and to winnow it, call the wind. Make a tray, and help the Indians hull the rice. Reeds and rushes would weave the tray best, but if you cannot wade out into the water to get them, make one of paper. The wasp, who builds his nest of paper, taught me. Listen! Listen!

To make the tray take a piece of paper longer than it is wide. Opposite each other, make two half-inch cuts in toward the center on each long side of the paper. Now fold up the sides as in making a box, paste, and the tray is done.

Thank you, Shuh-shuh-gah, we shall do our best, and when you return we shall give to you a tray[1] of hulled rice.

[1] Perhaps the children know of another way to make a tray. Let them try their own plan. See the rush-mat wigwam, p. 188.





PICTURE WRITING

I

In those days said Hiawatha,
"Lo! how all things fade and perish!
From the memory of the old men
Fade away the great traditions,
The achievements of the warriors,
The adventures of the hunters.

"On the grave posts of our fathers
Are no signs, no figures painted;
Who are in those graves we know not,
Only know they are our fathers.
From what old, ancestral Totem,
Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver,
They descended, this we know not,
Only know they are our fathers.

"Face to face we speak together,
But we cannot speak when absent,
To the friends that dwell afar off.
Cannot send a secret message,
But the bearer learns our secret,
May reveal it unto others."

II

Thus said Hiawatha, walking
In the solitary forest,
Pondering, musing in the forest,
On the welfare of his people.
From his pouch he took his colors,
Took his paints of different colors,
On the smooth bark of a birch tree
Painted many shapes and figures,
And each figure had a meaning.
Gitche Manito the Mighty,
He, the Master of Life, was painted
As an egg, with points projecting
To the four winds of the heavens.
Everywhere is the Great Spirit,
Was the meaning of this symbol.

III

Sun and moon and stars he painted,
Man and beast, and fish and reptile.



For the earth he drew a straight line,
For the sky a bow above it;
White the space between for daytime,
Filled with little stars for night time;
On the left a point for sunrise,
On the right a point for sunset,
On the top a point for noontide,
And for rain and cloudy weather
Waving lines descending from it.
Footprints pointing towards a wigwam

Were a sign of invitation.

IV

All these things did Hiawatha
Show unto his wondering people.
And he said, "Behold, your grave posts
Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol.
Go and paint them all with figures,
Each one with its household symbol,
With its own ancestral Totem;
So that those who follow after
May distinguish them and know them.'
And they painted on the grave posts
Of the graves yet unforgotten,
Each his own ancestral Totem,
Each the symbol of his household;
Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,
Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver.

V

Thus it was that Hiawatha,
In his wisdom, taught the people
All the mysteries of painting,
All the art of Picture Writing,
On the smooth bark of the birch tree,
On the white skin of the reindeer,
On the grave posts of the village.



HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE

I

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.
Bright above him shone the heavens,
Level spread the lake before him.

O'er the water floating, flying,
Something in the hazy distance,
Something in the mists of morning,
Loomed and lifted from the water,
Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

II

It was neither goose nor diver,
Neither pelican nor heron,
O'er the water floating, flying,

Through the shining mist of morning,
But a birch canoe with paddles,
Rising, sinking on the water,
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine;
And within it came a people
From the distant land of Wabun,
From the farthest realms of morning
Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,
He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face,
With his guides and his companions.

III

And the noble Hiawatha,
With his hands aloft extended,
Held aloft in sign of welcome,
Waited, full of exultation,
Till the birch canoe with paddles
Grated on the shining pebbles,
Stranded on the sandy margin,
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
With the cross upon his bosom,
Landed on the sandy margin.

IV

Then the joyous Hiawatha
Cried aloud and spake in this wise:
"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,



The noble Hiawatha,
With his hands aloft extended

When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you;
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you."

V

And the Black-Robe chief made answer,
"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people!'
Then the generous Hiawatha
Led the strangers to his wigwam,
Seated them on skins of bison,
Seated them on skins of ermine,
And the careful old Nokomis
Brought them food in bowls of basswood,
Water brought in birchen dippers,
And the calumet, the peace pipe,
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

VI

All the old men of the village,
All the warriors of the nation,
And the medicine men, the Medas,
Came to bid the strangers welcome;
"It is well," they said, "O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!"

In a circle round the doorway,
With their pipes they sat in silence,
Waiting to behold the strangers,
Waiting to receive their message;
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
From the wigwam came to greet them.
"It is well," they said, "O brother,
That you come so far to see us!"

VII

Then the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,
Told his message to the people,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour;
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do;
How he fasted, prayed, and labored.

VIII

And the chiefs made answer, saying:
"We have listened to your message,
We will think on what you tell us.
It is well for us, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!"
Then they rose up and departed
Each one homeward to his wigwam,
To the young men and the women

Told the story of the strangers
Whom the Master of Life had sent them
From the shining land of Wabun.

IX

Heavy with the heat and silence
Grew the afternoon of summer,
And the guests of Hiawatha,
Weary with the heat of summer,
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.
From his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
Spake in whispers, spake in this wise:
"I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the Sunset;
But these guests I leave behind me.
See that never harm comes near them,
Never want of food or shelter,
In the lodge of Hiawatha!"

X

Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors,
Bade farewell to all the young men,
Spake persuading, spake in this wise:
"I am going, O my people,

On a long and distant journey;
But my guests I leave behind me;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning!"

XI

On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting;
On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water;
Whispered to it, "Westward! westward!"
And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.



XII

And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendor.

And they said, "Farewell forever!"
Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the forests, dark and lonely,
Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Land of the Hereafter!

Part II

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS



FIG. 1. *An island Indian encampment arranged on a sand table by a second-grade pupil*

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

This part of the book has been reserved for helps to teachers. In introducing the study of the American Indian, begin with the reading of "Hiawatha's Childhood." If the environment of the children makes it possible, take them into the woods; discover the pine trees; see the sun shining upon the water; listen to the singing of the birds, and thus bring the class into direct touch with nature. Such an experience will give atmosphere to the poem, even though the scenes are not similar to those described by Longfellow. When the children are out of doors, and close to nature, create a situation imaginative and dramatic. Let them become Indians themselves, and call a council to decide upon the proper location for a wigwam. What will be the vital things to be considered? Why was Nokomis's home located near the water? Was there any advantage in its being situated close to a forest? What are some of the other important questions to be considered?

When the children go back to school, let them decide upon an ideal imaginary site. Perhaps it might be an island. Would an island have its advantages? By the use of the sand table, the children can make one with rocks and other nature materials. Let them build up rocky cliffs on one end, with a contrasting low shore line, strewn with sand and pebbles, on the other. Fill the main part of the sand table with rich earth instead of sand, and let the children bring in twigs that resemble trees. If seedlings are available, they will grow for a long time on the miniature island. Let the children plant moss, and, with their trees thickly placed, they will have a miniature forest. They can then beat Indian trails and make the island ready for further realistic representation.

For second- and third-grade work, *Hiawatha* should be studied as a piece of literature. It should be read with the children for the

beauty and rhythm of the poem, and not as a lesson which deals with the mechanics of reading. They will be delighted to discuss it, and to commit portions of it to memory.

As the chapters of Hiawatha's childhood, youth, and manhood in turn suggest topics of primitive life, such as the Indian cradle and the wigwam, let the children turn to the supplementary story, read it for themselves, and as it develops facts, translate the thought into action through the correlated occupations. The stories tell how Nokomis constructed wigwam and cradle. Under the spell of this poetic impulse, the children can seek out similar materials in nature or elsewhere, creating a design of their own choosing. Several of the best of these may be placed on the sand table.

Poem, story, and occupation should go hand in hand. After the story has been read and the children are still busy with the handwork, excellent opportunity is offered for oral story-telling, when, as little red men, the children relate and dramatize imaginative experiences.

Sometimes poem and story suggest real experiences, like that of the "Indian Summer Festival of the Green Corn." In the springtime the class can plant the corn, and later, for the story of the "Indian Thanksgiving," they, impersonating the tribe, can grind it, as related by the story, and then cook it out of doors according to primitive methods. Such excursions serve to concrete facts, and because the basis of the work has been that of real doing, the children will give the most enthusiastic and spontaneous accounts of their adventures, whether the occasion be for oral or for written language.

One of the most educative features of the handwork is that the children carry their interest beyond the school, thus establishing a social relationship between the school and the home. This is largely due to the character of the stories, which put the child into the imaginative position of the Indian who adjusts himself to the needs of the occasion. Out into nature he goes to seek his material, and with little odds and ends that he can pick up in the home he is enabled independently, without aid from teacher or parent, to create objects which are related to his school interest.

The extension of school handwork to the home occupation should

be urged, as it not only furnishes a valuable medium of employment in the home but, above all, fosters invention. The cultivation of the creative instinct is the basis of all success, and in order to urge strongly the importance of these spontaneous efforts, the attention of the teacher is invited to a few interesting illustrations from the home work done by a second grade in the Training School of the State Normal School, at Marquette, Michigan.



FIG. 2. A, *Old Nokomis carrying Hiawatha;* B, *Hiawatha in his cradle*

Beginning with the poem of "Hiawatha's Childhood,"

"By the shores of Gitche Gumee,

. . . . . .

There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,

. . . . . .

Lulled him into slumber, singing,
'Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?' "

the children are delighted to commit parts of the poem to memory. It seems to awaken in them something of the mystery of the forest. They feel keenly the poetic surroundings of the little Hiawatha, and when they come to the lullaby they want to chant it in weird little minor keys that suggest the "Minne-wawa" voice of the pine trees.

It was after these experiences that "old Nokomis" came to school as we see her in Fig. 2. One of the mothers fashioned her out of a piece of an old gray sweater. The little doll and cradle were made by her little girl. The doll has a newspaper head. "See," said little Dora, "mother made Nokomis, but I made Hiawatha. This cradle hangs from a cord that is fastened around Nokomis's head."

The Nokomis contribution is an interesting example of the pleasure

and childlike interest in this kind of work shown by an almost illiterate parent. The little one evidently inspired in her mother something of her own joy in what she was doing in school, for the mother asked that a copy of the Hiawatha poem be loaned, that she might read it with her little daughter in the home.



FIG. 3. *An Indian chief dressed by child at home*

The *B* in Fig. 2 is another Hiawatha in his deerskin cradle. The chamois pocket is formed on a little hoop made of a reed which is cleverly planned to extend into the cradle just far enough to hold it in shape. The baby is of gingham.

"From his lodge went Hiawatha,
Dressed for travel, armed for hunting;
Dressed in deerskin shirt and leggings;
. . . . .
On his head his eagle feathers," etc.

"Children," said the teacher, "I should like to see Hiawatha. How could you bring him right into our hunting camp?"

"I know," said one. "I will be an Indian fairy, and dress one."

Others, too, were enthusiastic, and this was the occasion that brought into our midst a number of dressed dolls. Among the most interesting of these is the one represented in Fig. 3.

The suit is of felt. The back strip of the war cap shows an original use of the feathers, the quills being stuck through the cloth twice, thus precluding the need of any sewing. Another child, instead of making this style of cap, made a headband with one long feather instead of the usual many-feathered back strip. Thus each little home expression suggests the beginnings of real invention.

The frames of the hunting lodges in Fig. 5 were made by two little girls who evidently worked together. One made hers of pieces of kindling wood (*b*), broken into the right lengths by the little hands. The other used twigs (*a*), breaking them in the same manner. "These we've made for Weeng, the good fairy who looks after all the animals," said the children, and they placed the lodges in the little forest on the sand table.

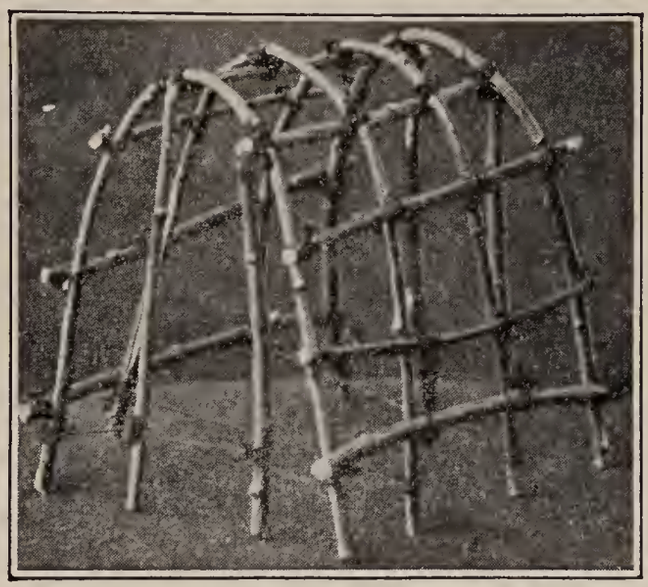


FIG. 4. *Framework of the rush-mat wigwam made at home by child from memory*

The framework in Fig. 4 represents that of a rush-mat wigwam and was made at home by a seven-year-old child without model to guide her. After working with the class, she offered to make an extra one for an absent child. Though it was one of the most difficult of the structures made by the second grade, this one is almost perfect, being quite accurately measured and neatly tied with darning cotton. It compares favorably with the teacher's model on page 189 and is an excellent example of the effect of such work in cultivating accurate observation. This little girl, though having great difficulty with learning to read and to use numbers, is very ingenious along all artistic lines.

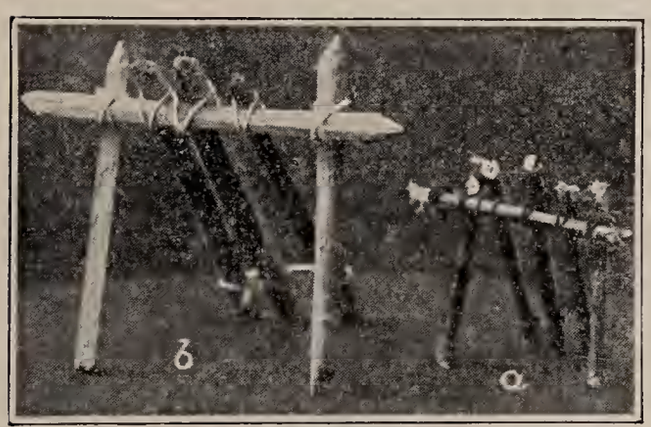


FIG. 5. *Framework of the hunting lodge, made of pick-up material in the home, without suggestion by the teacher*

The poem "Hiawatha's Sailing" inspired many visits to the woods and much spontaneous experimenting. Howard, our little Swedish boy, went directly to the trees, and, no doubt in something of the mood of Hiawatha, chose alder branches. These are easily cut, and *a* and *b*, in Fig. 6, show the top and side views of two dugout canoes. It will be seen that the pith has been

dug out at each end, very ingeniously suggesting the keel of the boat. "Here are two canoes," said he, "and they float upon the water

'Like a yellow leaf in autumn.'

I have brought them for the Indians on our island (meaning the sand table)." When, later, the children read about the real dugout canoe as told in the story of the "Canoe of Yellow Cedar," page 63, Howard was delighted.

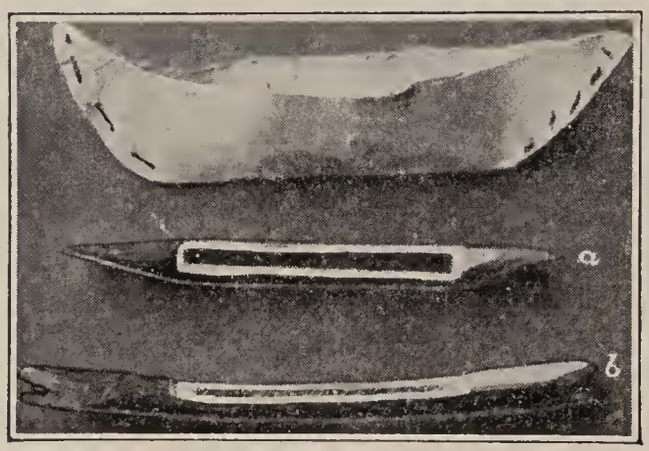


FIG. 6. *A paper model of a birch-bark canoe and top and side views of a dugout canoe made of an alder branch*

The little paper craft in the same cut represents the birch-bark canoe, and like that of the Indian it is not made by folding. The child has used pliable paper that she has picked up somewhere, and has modeled it into shape with her fingers. Later, came a tiny canoe of birch bark.

Perhaps the occupation that most fascinated the children was the making of the snowshoes. When they saw the model, and long before they had learned to make them, almost every child experimented at home. They used all kinds of material for the lacing—green worsted, red carpet yarn, pink silk, and common string (Fig. 7). For the framework of the shoes they used various kinds of reeds torn from some old piece of wicker furniture, though the frames differed in color and size. "Mine are magic snowshoes," said one, "and now I shall make Hiawatha's 'magic moccasins.' "

The two snowshoes marked *d* and *e* were made from memory at home, while the class was busy with the same occupation in school. *D* represents the snowshoe just as far as the child had gone with his work in school, so that the footrest, and the last cords from base to the first thwart, were yet unfinished. Compare *d* and *e* with *a*, *b*, and *c*, for it is interesting to notice how rapidly trained observation transforms the child's power of doing. Now compare *d* and *e* with the teacher's model, shown on page 176. *D* and *e* are not duplicates of what was done in school, but the work shows an understanding of the principles underlying the plan of the snowshoe; the upper lacing in

both shoes indicates an inventive handling of the problem at hand.

These models are but a few of the interesting things that have been made, and in order to offer definite opportunity for the encouragement of such work, "Things to do at school or home," at the end of each story, will suggest to pupils possibilities of expression. Allow them the greatest freedom in the handling of material, and encourage all evidence of originality, no matter how crude the attempt. These plans serve as a suggestion for the child's home work, or they are excellent as occupations for seat periods in the school, needing very little supervision on the part of the teacher. An inspiring word, a little diagram on the blackboard, or the exhibition of individual work done at home, will arouse enthusiasm and independent effort.



FIG. 7. *Snowshoes made at home,* a, b, *and* c *before instruction was given,* d *and* e *after school experience*

As far as practicable, urge the children to select and procure for themselves whatever little scraps of material are necessary for this work, for these efforts cultivate initiative and lead to the more interested and creative expression. As the advance and uplift of man has been dependent upon his mastery and use of nature to make it serve life more abundantly, so, in a simple way, the mastery and use of the common materials of the child's environment are fundamentally valuable in enriching the life of childhood, and in the sense that the child is learning to think it prepares him for the more serious problems of life.

The order of presentation of the work as a whole should be that of poem, story, school or home occupation for free expression, and, following this, the more definite correlated occupation as explained in detail in the following pages.

In contrast to the handwork given with the reading lessons, that of the "Suggestions" gives explicit directions in order to enable all classes of teachers to work without difficulty, whether they have any knowledge of manual training or not. The directions for construction are intended primarily for the teacher, and while they are explicit and definite, it is not intended that the children shall do accurate measuring, the idea being to allow them all possible freedom consistent with child development. It is suggested that the teacher work with the pupils, drawing plans step by step on the blackboard, as the children work at their seats.

Great care has been taken to make every occupation in this little volume true to history, and the author has based every selection upon facts as recorded in the most authentic ethnological reports.

The Wigwam

This beautiful tent, which was invented by the Indians, is called by the western tribes a "tepee." Some of these habitations are painted in gay colors, with odd figures of men, animals, and camp fires. These pictures are in red, blue, or green, and tell of the owner's brave deeds or strange adventures. A buffalo tail or two eagle feathers usually dangle from the lodge poles. These cone-shaped dwellings stand in a rough circle by the river brink. Between the extended "ears" of the smoke hole, the blue smoke rises. Such wigwams are still often to be seen on the plains, in the land of the buffalo.[1]

MAKING THE WIGWAM

Material. Sticks eight inches long, three eighths of an inch in diameter.

Unbleached cotton cloth, or odds and ends of white cloth.

Cutting paper.

Drawing and cutting the pattern of the wigwam cover. This is done by making a semicircle and an isosceles triangle. To make the semicircle as in I of Fig. 8, mark off eleven inches along the top edge of the cutting paper. Call this line *ac*. Bisect it at *b*. Attach a pencil

[1] The description of the making of such a structure is given in the story of "The Wigwam of Nokomis," p. 16.

to a string long enough to reach from point *b* to *a*. Fasten the string by a thumb tack to point *b*, and draw the semicircle.

To make the triangle for the flaps of the smoke hole, as in II, draw a horizontal line *fh*, two inches long. Bisect line *fh* at the point *i*. Above *i* erect a perpendicular line three inches long, *ig*. Draw slanting lines from the points *f* and *h* to the point *g*.

Next cut out the pattern of the wigwam cover, then fold, and as in III, free-hand, cut a curve *de* across the right angle to make

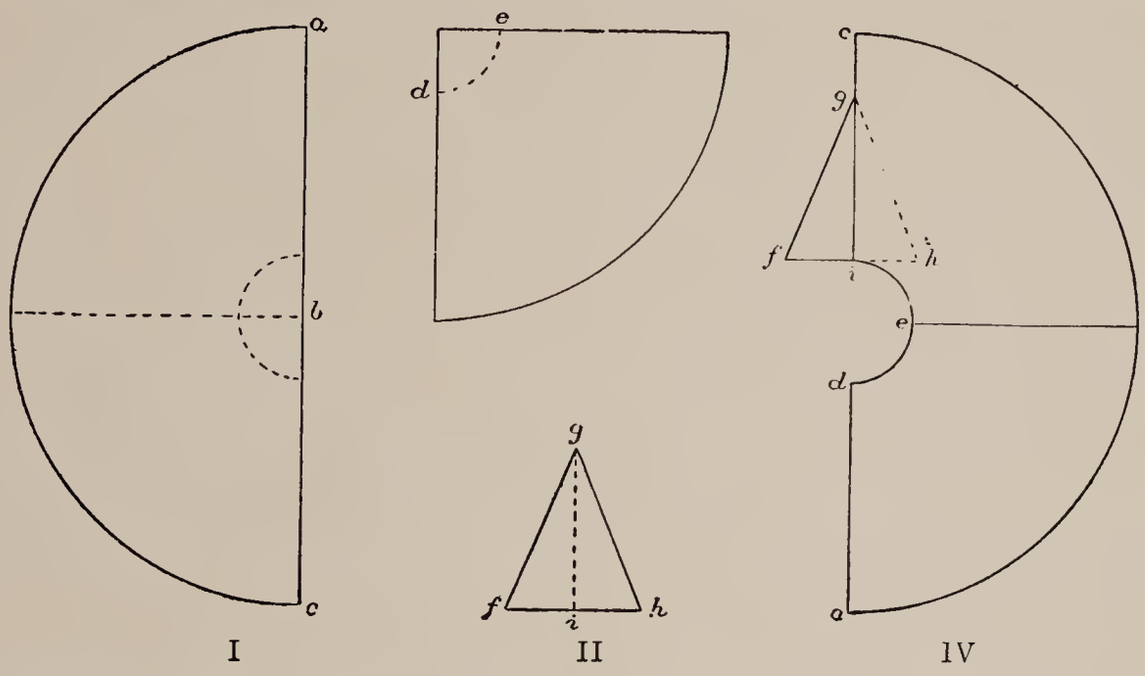


FIG. 8. *Pattern for the wigwam.* I, *the wigwam cover;* II, *flap or "ear" for the smoke hole;* III, *how to cut the curve for the smoke hole;* IV, *how to fasten the flap to the wigwam cover*

the smoke hole. For the flaps of the smoke hole cut out the triangle and fold it through the center. Now, as in IV, unfold the pattern of the cover and pin the triangle so that its central fold lies along the line *ac* of the semicircle, allowing *fh* of the triangle's base line to continue the line of the smoke hole.

Cutting the cloth wigwam. Fold the pattern through the center, pin it to a piece of folded cloth, and cut out the wigwam with the flaps for the smoke hole, as shown in the completed model of the wigwam (Fig. 9). On the outside of this cover sew a stick six and one-half inches long to the upper corner of each flap. The smoke hole can then be closed or opened, according to the direction of the wind.

Decorating the wigwam. On page 161 are some symbols which the children can combine into designs to decorate the wigwams as described on page 158. Let them also pick out a tribal name for the imaginary family to whom their wigwam belongs, like the bear, turtle, crane, beaver, wolf, or sunfish. They can thus name their lodges by making the picture. For this work let the class make the designs first on the paper patterns just used and then they can duplicate their work on the cloth wigwams. Colored wax crayons are best for this work.



FIG. 9. *Completed model of wigwam*

The framework, and how to adjust the covering. Cut five sticks, eight inches in length and as thick as a medium sized pencil. Cross them one inch from the top, making a sheaf of miniature poles, and then tie them together. Spread the sticks at the bottom, so that the cloth cover will fit over them. In placing several of these wigwams on the sand table, bury the lower ends of the sticks in the earth, then adjust the cover. Fasten the opening halfway down by pinning it together with thorns or pointed sticks. To finish, peg the cloth to the ground with small sharpened sticks. To open the door of his dwelling, the Indian usually lifts up the front flap. Sometimes he fastens up a skin to cover the opening.[1]

THE CRADLE AND INDIAN DOLL

The most common of the Indian cradles are the cradle boards. These cradles are all used for the protection of the baby and for the purpose of carrying it. Such a board is padded with a blanket over the upper end, and this pillow is often covered with buckskin.

Strips of skin lace the baby to the board. A bow over its head

[1] For description of wigwams, see Geo. Grinnell's *Story of the Indian*, pp. 2 and 144; also Frederick Starr's *American Indians*, p. 13. For the meaning of Indian names and totems, see Mary Catherine Judd's *Wigwam Stories*, p. 35.

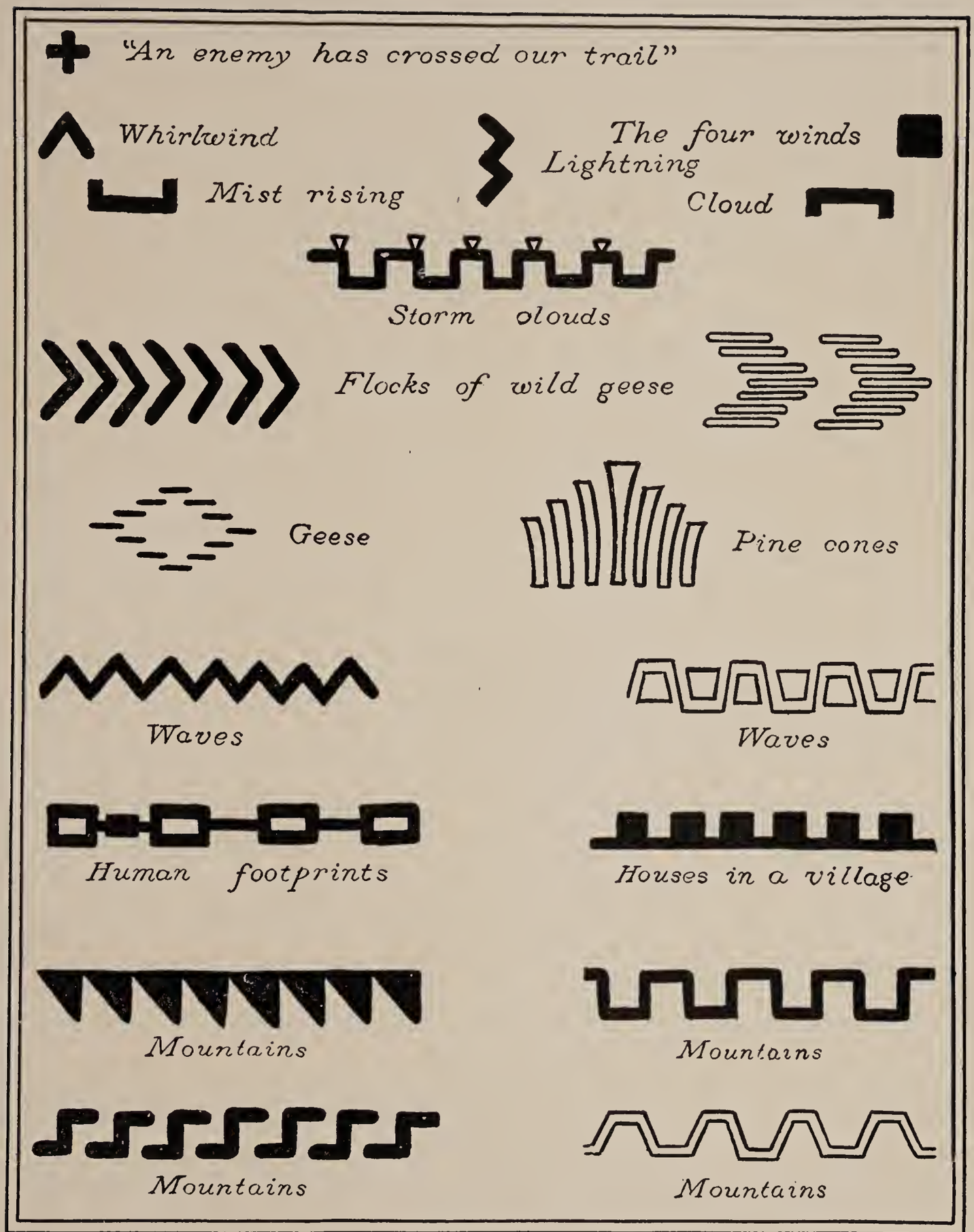


FIG. 10. *Suggestive Indian symbols for design*

keeps it from being bumped. Some cradles are very picturesque when constructed of various nature materials, as, for example, the following model.[1]



FIG. 11. *The framework upon which to fasten the cradle pocket*

MAKING THE INDIAN CRADLE

Material. A forked branch, each branch of the fork to be five inches long.

Long willow twigs, or rattan reeds, very slender and flexible for weaving.

Chamois, or any odd piece of cloth, for the cradle pocket.

Beads, if possible; if not, decorate with bright-colored wax crayons.

Brown raffia, coarse grass, or roots for sewing.

A small chestnut, a two-inch stick, and a bit of cloth to make the Indian baby.

Making the cradle. Place a forked branch on the desk as in Fig. 11, with angle *b* pointing toward you. Take a slender willow twig, hold one end under branch *a* and over branch *c*, near point *b*. Then bring it under *c* and over *a*, under *a* and over *c*, and so on. When the willow twig is entirely woven, push the end between the weaving as in basketry, and start again with a new twig by pushing the end in. Weave to within one inch of *a* and *c*.

Cutting the pattern for the cradle pocket. Draw a rectangle three and one-half inches long by two inches wide, as in I, Fig. 13, and cut out. Fold this paper through the center the short way of the pattern and open it out. Place it on the desk so that the central crease lies from front to back. Fold the right edge of the paper to the center and then the left edge, and letter the creases as in the diagram. Free-hand, cut off the right upper corners of the pattern from point *g* to *d* and from

[1] The details in regard to the making and use of the cradle are to be found in the story, "The Wigwam of Nokomis," p. 16.

e to *a*, as shown in the figure. Now pin the opened pattern to the cloth and cut out the pocket. Do to the cloth exactly what was done to the pattern.

Along the folded edges *ef* and *gh*, as in II, Fig. 13, punch six holes on either side. Lay this pocket on the twig framework so that the punched holes come just above the arms of the forked branch. Bring the base line of the pocket as near point *b* as possible, as in Fig. 12.

Sewing the cradle pocket to the framework and decorating it. With a needle threaded with raffia, start at the top on one side, fasten the raffia around the branch, and sew through the first hole, and so on. Sew the other side in the same manner. Have each child work an original design on the upper flaps of each cradle pocket or decorate it with wax crayons.



FIG 12. *The completed cradle with the baby tucked into the pocket*

Lacing the cradle pocket and making the carrying strap. Punch five holes along edges *ab* and *cd* of the pocket, as in II, Fig. 13. Lace these edges together with raffia. Then braid three strands of raffia, making a strip of braiding five inches long. Fasten this braided strip to *a* and *c* of the forked branch, thus making the carrying strap.

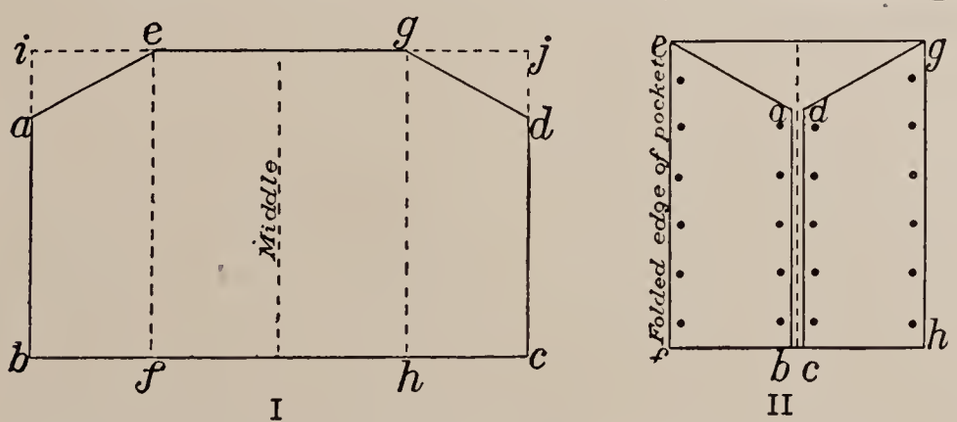


FIG. 13. *Pattern of cradle pocket.* I, *open;* II, *folded*

Making and fastening the bow, and decorating it. With braided willow twigs form a semicircle, placing it one inch above and over the place where the head rests. Fasten the ends of the bow to the branches of the forked twig on the wrong side. Now let the children decorate the bow of the cradle in any

way they like with dangling beaded ornaments for the baby's trinkets.

In the cut shown on page 163 the bow has been temporarily pushed back, to have the doll's face show in the picture. The model was made by a second-grade child.

MAKING THE INDIAN DOLL

Make the Indian doll by pushing a sharpened twig of right length into the pointed end of the smallest of chestnuts. Wrap a little strip of cloth around the stick for the clothes, and tuck the baby into the cradle.[1]

Indian Dress

The Indians of the south wore little or no clothing, but those of the north were clad in finely dressed skins, or, in winter, in the richest and warmest of furs. They wore necklaces of shells, claws, or wampum, and feathers on their heads; also armlets and nose ornaments.

The men made use of three or four different articles of dress. First came the breech-clout, a strip of skin or cloth that passed between the legs and was lifted up by a belt around the waist. The broad ends of the breech-clout fell over the top of the belt and showed just below the coat, like a small apron, back and front. (See the picture of the dressed doll, Fig. 14.)

The next article of dress was the leggings, which came up high and covered the whole leg, being fringed on the outside. A coat was put on last, and hung rather loosely, just covering the tops of the leggings.

The women wore sleeveless leather gowns falling below the knees and belted at the waist. From the belt, by leather thongs, they hung their knives, fire steels, and sewing bags. The daughters of the well-to-do beaded their dress, and sometimes ornamented it with elk tusks. Both the women and the men wore leggings, those of the women reaching only to the knee and decorated on the ends. On their feet both men and women wore beautifully beaded moccasins.[2]

[1] For description of Indian cradles, see *Smithsonian Report*, 1894, "Primitive Travel and Transportation," p. 494, or "Woman's Share in Primitive Culture," both articles written by Otis Tufton Mason. The above model was taken from a suggestion in Mason, p. 116.

[2] See "The Dressing of the Deer's Hide," p. 37.

DRESSING AN INDIAN DOLL

Material. A jointed five-cent doll, four and one-half inches tall, of common bisque if possible, in order to admit of painting the face.

Chamois, or any odd bit of cloth of white or tan color.

Chicken quills, beads, or wax crayons for decorating.



FIG. 14. *Doll dressed as Indian in buckskin, with head gear*

Making the breech-clout pattern. Construct a parallelogram five inches long by one inch wide. Cut out the pattern as shown in I, Fig. 15.

Making the leggings. Along the folded edge of a piece of paper measure off a space one and one-half inches long, like line *ab* in II, Fig. 15. Draw the base line, *bc*, one inch long. Draw a slightly slanting line *cd*, two inches long. Draw, free-hand, a curved line like *ad*. Cut out the pattern of the leggings.

Making the pattern for cloak or shirt. Fold a paper crosswise and lengthwise. From the closed corner of the folds, at *a* (III, Fig. 15), mark off two inches along *ab*. From *b*, drop a line one inch long to *c*, for the bottom of the sleeve. From *c*, draw the under sleeve line one inch long to *d*. For the side line of the coat, draw a slightly slanting line, one and one-half inches long, *de*. Free-hand, make a jagged line for the bottom of the cloak, from *e* back to the perpendicular fold at *f*.

Cutting and decorating the garments. Place the folded cloak pattern so that the crease *af* will lie on a folded line of a piece of cloth, and then cut out the cloak. Cut, free-hand, the curved line from *g* to *h*, to make a hole through which to poke the doll's head.

Pin the folded line of the legging pattern on a folded line of cloth, and cut out the leggings.

Make a beaded design on both ends of the breech-clout, and for a belt cut a narrow strip of cloth quarter of an inch wide and about five

inches long, with which to fasten the breech-clout around the waist. Decorate the cloth with colored wax crayons, beads, or little chicken quills to suggest those of the porcupine, so commonly used in Indian design. Dental floss also strongly resembles the effect of porcupine quills.

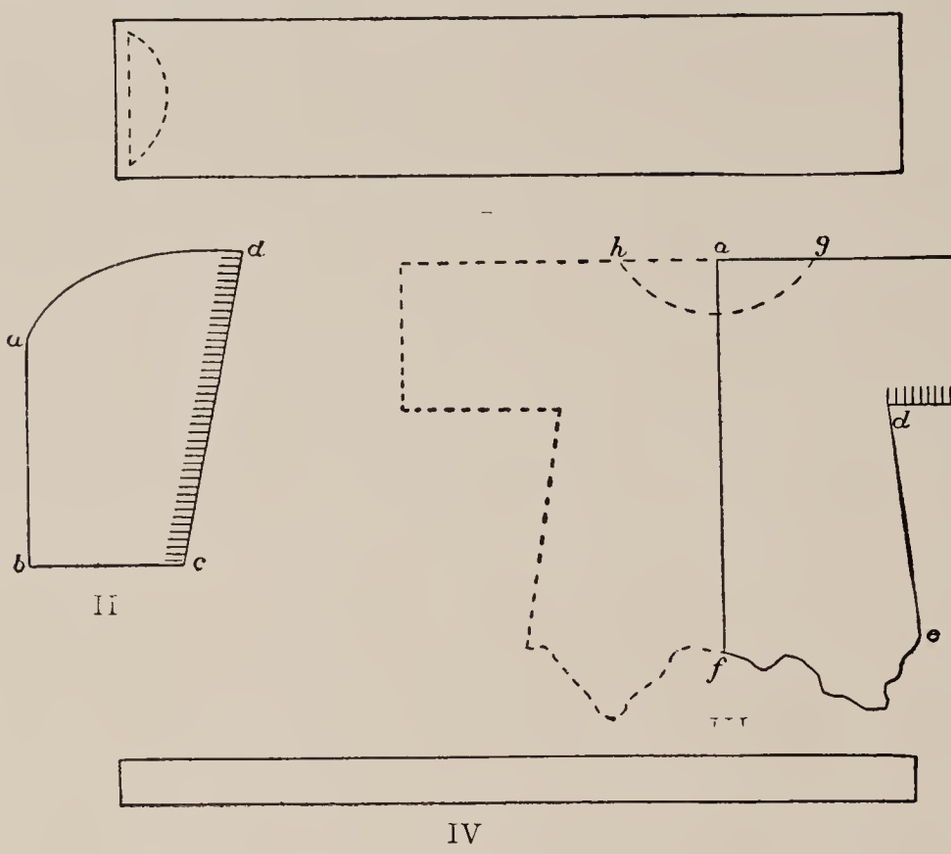


FIG. 15. *Patterns for Indian dress.* I, *breech-clout;* II, *legging;* III, *cloak or shirt;* IV, *belt*

Dressing the doll. Put on the breech-clout by means of the belt, sewing the belt on to the doll. Let the beaded ends of the breech-clout hang over the belt, like an apron, back and front.

Put on the leggings, sewing them on the doll so that they fit the leg closely. Cut the rest of the projecting cloth into a fringe that comes on the outside of the leg, as shown by the short lines in II, Fig. 15. Slip the cloak over the head and sew up the side along *de*, and also the opposite side. Sew the sleeve on to fit the arm, cutting the rest of the projecting cloth into fringe, as shown in the figure by the short lines from *d* to *c* and *c* to *b*. The sleeves need not be sewed unless so desired. The bottom edge of the shirt should look jagged, to suggest the real skins.

If the dolls are of bisque (which is preferable) the faces and arms can be painted brown to represent the Indian's skin, or grease-paint of the right color can be used.[1]

[1] See chapter on dress in Frederick Starr's *American Indians*, p. 154; Schoolcraft's *Indian Tribes of the United States*, Vol. III, pp. 65–68; Grinnell's *Story of the Indians*, pp. 6, 37, and 153. For a description of the Indian's method of tanning skins, read "The Dressing of the Deer's Hide," p. 37.

Indian Headdress

Much attention was given to the head gear worn by chief or warrior Indian. This was the sign of his prowess and standing in war. The scale by which his merit was measured is described in Schoolcraft's *Indian Tribes of the United States*, Vol. 2, p. 57. The suggestion for the following occupation is taken from Vol. 3, Plate II.

MAKING THE INDIAN HEADDRESS

Material. A small strip of chamois or cloth.
Twenty-one small chicken-wing feathers.
Le Page's or furniture glue.
Cutting paper.

Making the pattern for the head strip. Cut out an oblong six inches long by two inches wide, like *abdc*, Fig. 16. Bisect line *ab* at *e*. Divide the figure by a perpendicular dotted line, *ef*. Measure down half an inch from *e* and place dot *g*. Connect *g* with *d* by a slanting line. Measure up half an inch on *bd*, and place dot *h*. Connect *e* and *h* by a slanting line. Fold the pattern on *ef*, and cut on lines *eh* and *gd*. Open the pattern, and it will look like *a* in Fig. 17. Pin the pattern on cloth, and cut out the strip. Make another one just like this to cover up the feathers when pasted.

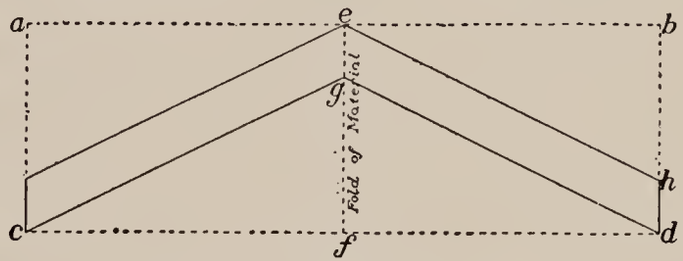


FIG. 16. *Headdress pattern*

Preparing the feathers for the strip. Take about twenty-one small feathers and, still preserving their shape, cut them down to resemble bird feathers, measuring about one inch long and half an inch wide. Lay these on one of the head strips of cloth, as shown by *b* in Fig. 17, and stick them in place with a little glue. When the feathers are fastened, fit over the other head strip and glue it in place, so that the headdress looks the same on both sides, the feathers peeping from between the two strips.

Position of the headdress and the ornament. Free-hand, cut out two little strips of cloth about one inch long by half an inch wide, like the

one below *c* in the cut. Fringe one end of each piece, and stick both strips on the top of the headdress at the angle shown in *a*, so that the fringed ends can fall down over the shoulders, while the longer feathered ends slant toward the back. If the doll has hair, the gear can be pinned to it; if not, it can be caught to the shirt on the shoulders. The dress can be ornamented with Indian designs in the bright-colored wax crayons. (See head gear on the dressed doll, p. 165.)



FIG. 17. *Indian headdress*

THE INDIAN MOCCASIN

The moccasin is an Indian invention and bears an Indian name. It is made of buckskin or buffalo skin dressed and smoked after the Indian fashion. It usually reaches only to the ankle, and is tied with little thongs of the buckskin. Each tribe has its own way of making moccasins, but all are soft and have no heels. If the moccasins are made for a bride, or for some ceremony, they are ornamented with porcupine quills and ribbons, and the dressing of the skin is so long continued that it grows white, like finely dressed doeskin. All the sewing of clothing used to be done with thread made of sinew, and, in olden times, with awls of bone or stiff thorns.[1]

MAKING THE MOCCASIN

Material. A piece of chamois or cloth four inches long by four inches wide.

Needle and thread.

Colored thread or silk, beads, wax crayons, or sweet grass for the decoration of the toe of the moccasin.

Cutting paper.

[1] See Frederick Starr's *American Indians*, or Schoolcraft's *Indian Tribes of the United States*, Vol. 3.

Making the pattern of the sole and main part of the moccasin. Draw and cut out an oblong three inches long by two inches wide as *a d b c* in I, Fig. 18. Fold the oblong the long way, as *a d f e*. On the open side of the folded oblong, bisect line *a d* at *g*. Cut a curved line from *g* to *f*, rounding off the two open corners.

Making the pattern of the top. Make the top of the moccasin by drawing a pattern according to the same directions as the above, except that the oblong must measure only one and one-half inches long by one inch wide, as in II, Fig. 18. Cut out the pattern.

Making the pattern of the collar. Construct an oblong four inches

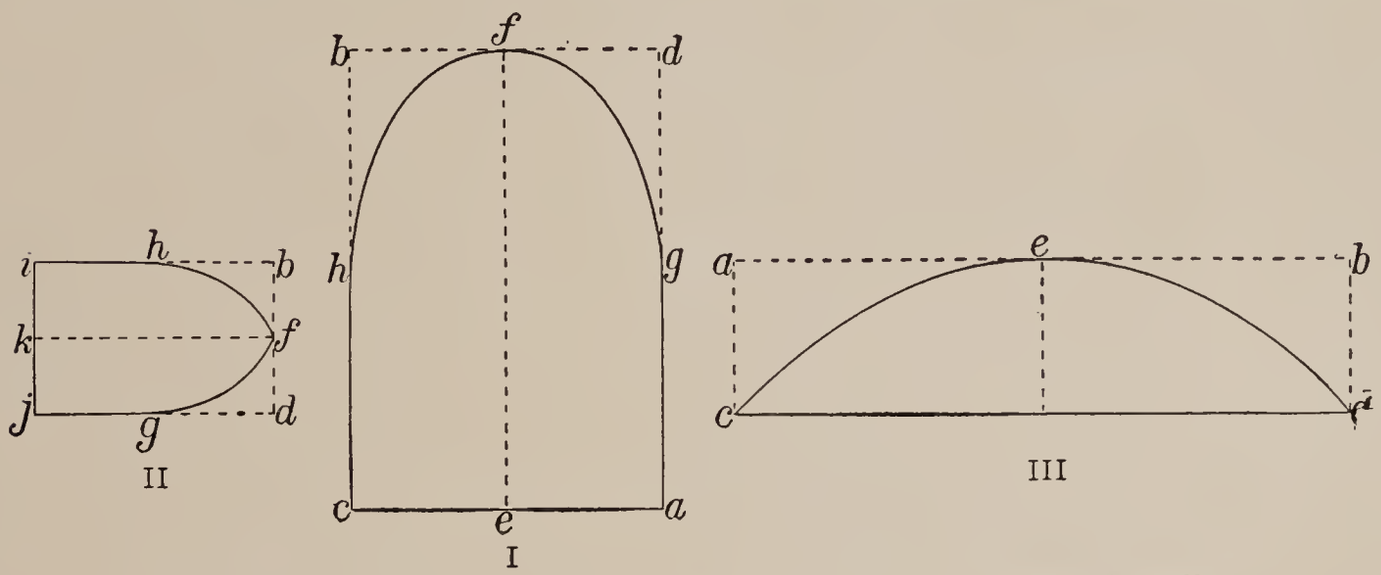


FIG. 18. *Moccasin pattern.* I, *the body;* II, *the top;* III, *the collar*

long by one inch wide. Cut out this oblong and fold it through the center, the short way. Holding the paper doubled, cut, free-hand, the curve *e d*, as shown in III, Fig. 18.

Pin each one of the three patterns on cloth and cut them out.

Sewing the body of the moccasin. Commencing at *g*, as in I, Fig. 18, shirr along the edge of the entire curve, *g f h*, pulling the thread tightly enough to round up the toe as shown in Fig. 19.

Fastening the top piece to the body of the moccasin. First decorate the top piece. Now sew the top to the body, fitting the top curve to the body curve *g f h* where it is shirred. Sew them together, within half an inch of the horizontal line of the top piece on either side, as far as *g* and *h* as seen in Fig. 19.

How to shape the heel. First run a thread all around the back, *a c*, as in the cut, and with this thread pull the heel up enough to give it a slightly rounded effect. Then fasten the thread. Next sew together the two edges of the back, thus making the rounded heel.

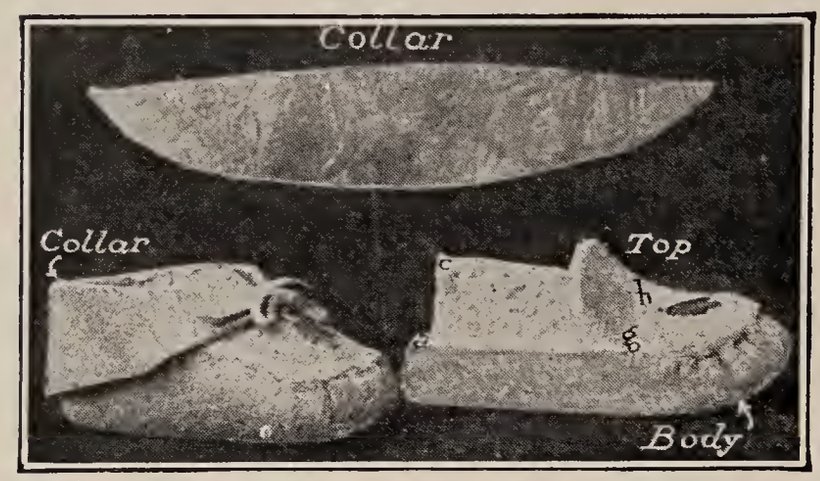


FIG. 19. *The moccasin*

The collar. To finish the moccasin, place the collar around the heel, catch it in place once at the back, and fasten the points together in front with a tiny knot of chamois skin, raffia, or silk. Suggest that the child make a companion moccasin at home, and bring it to school. If possible, give him the material for this.

THE INDIAN HUNTING LODGE OR "LEAN-TO"

One form of the hunting lodge made by the Chippewa Indians was called a "lean-to," and was often used both in the winter and summer. It consisted of a framework of poles, resembling in form an ordinary shed except that the slanting roof touched the ground. The front of the structure was entirely open, while the roof and sides were usually thatched with branches; bark also was often used.

A fire was built just on the outer edge of the lodge and in the middle of the open front. On the outside, beyond the fire and extending the length of this open space, a few logs were piled up. These made a kind of windbreak and served also to hold the heat in the lodge.

The Indian understood how to keep warm with a small fire. He set up two parallel slanting poles, across which he piled small logs, one after another. His fire was built at the foot of this little incline, and as soon as one log was burned, another rolled down into the fire to take its place. His fire thus fed itself all through the night.

MAKING THE INDIAN HUNTING LODGE

Material. One twig, eight inches long, quarter of an inch in diameter.

Two twigs, four and one-half inches long, one quarter of an inch in diameter.

Two crotched twigs, seven inches long, one quarter of an inch in diameter; length of crotch, one and one-quarter inches.

Five twigs, seven inches long.

Stiff paper of birch-bark color for roof and sides.

Strips of soft cloth one quarter of an inch wide and about eight inches long for tying.

The cloth to be the same color as the twigs, if possible.

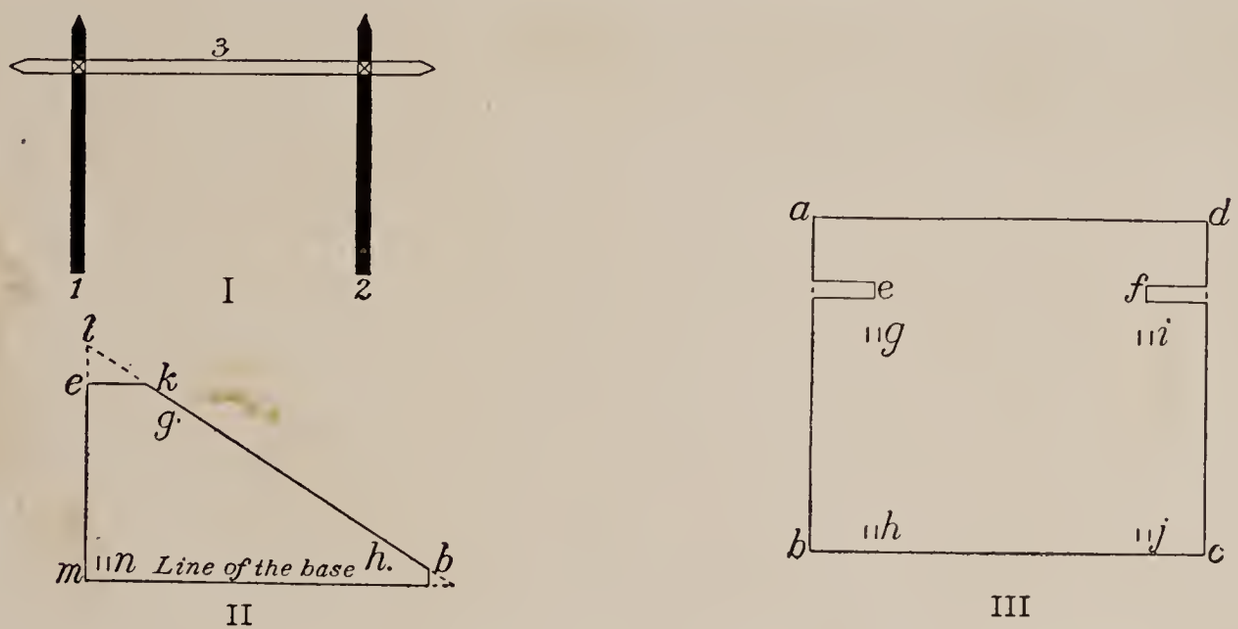


FIG. 20. *Pattern of hunting lodge or "lean-to." I, the upright front of the framework;* II, *side covering;* III, *roof covering*

Making the framework for the front, or the doorway. Sharpen one end of each of the twigs. Sharpen each end of the eight-inch twig. Place the eight-inch twig on the desk, as 3 in I, Fig. 20. Place one twig four and one-half inches long under twig 3, one inch from the end of the twig, and extending one inch above it. Bind 1 to 3 with a strip of cloth by crossing it firmly over and under both twigs and tying it in a tight knot. Bind 2 to 3 in the same way. When these three twigs are held upright, as in I, Fig. 20, they make the framework for the front, or "the spacious doorway."

Making the framework for the roof. Stand the framework for the front upright on the desk. Just to the left of twig 2, and touching it, slip one crotched twig under twig 3, so that the crotch holds it. Let

the arm of the crotch point down. Now tie the crotched twig firmly at the angle of twigs 2 and 3. Tie another to twig 1, in like manner.

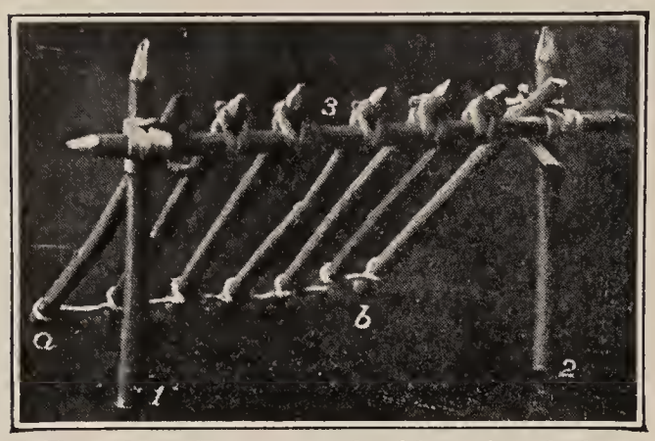
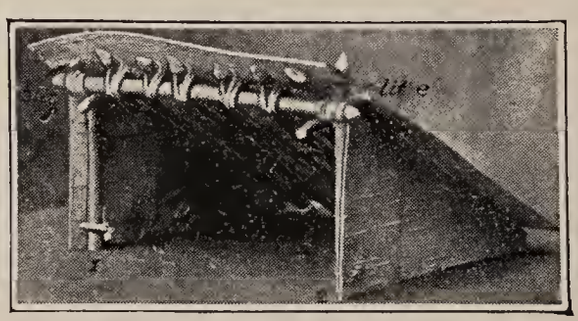


FIG. 21. *Framework of hunting lodge*

Take the five seven-inch twigs and arrange them on twig 3, between the crotched twigs and parallel to them, as shown in Fig. 21. Bind each of these very tightly to twig 3 with a strip of cloth, as described above. Tie this framework at the bottom with a strip of cloth, so that the twigs will stay in place, as shown from *a* to *b* in the cut.

Cutting stiff paper for the roof. Cut a rectangle of stiff paper eight inches by seven and one-half inches as shown in III, Fig. 20. Place it on the desk with an eight-inch side toward you. Cut slits one inch in from the edges and half an inch wide, as *e* and *f* on sides *ab* and *cd* respectively. Cut or punch two holes at *g* in line with *e*, a quarter inch from *e*. One inch from side *bc*, punch two holes at *h* in line with *g*. Punch holes like these at *i* and *j* on the opposite side, *cd*.

Cutting stiff paper for each side. First draw horizontal line *mb*, six inches long, as in II, Fig. 20; then draw perpendicular line *ml*, four inches long, and join these two sides by the line *lb*. Cut out the triangle thus made. One inch from the top of side *ml* place a dot, *e*, and cut off the top of the triangle from *e* to *k*, free-hand. Cut or punch a hole at *g* and at *h* and two at *n*, quarter of an inch from the edges.


FIG. 22. *Completed model of hunting lodge*

Putting on sides and roof. By aid of the punched holes bind each side piece to the framework of the side with the narrow strips of cloth. When a side is bound to the framework, cut off the sharp angle *b* free-hand, so that it will not project beyond the twig framework.

Put the stiff paper on the framework for the roof, so that twigs

1 and 2 stick up through *e* and *f*. By aid of the punched holes, bind the roof to the crotched twigs with the narrow strips of cloth (Fig. 22).[1]

The Indian Bow and Arrow

The Indian's riches consisted chiefly in the number of arrows he had. These the hunter did not make for himself, but the work was done by a skilled arrowmaker. To make the arrows was a very difficult task, and it was accomplished by the use of two pieces of flint, one cold, the other piece heated very hot. The cold piece was dipped into cold water, and then used to chip the hot flint into the desired shape.

Ash was usually chosen for the making of the bows, though hickory was preferred. To prevent the wood from becoming brittle, the Indian greased it with deer brains. The bowstrings were usually made of sinew.

The wood for shafts was gathered late in the autumn and tied in bundles to dry. The sticks were of light wood and free from knots. The next step was to procure the feathers for the shaft. These were flight or tail feathers.

MAKING THE BOW AND ARROW[2]

Material. A hickory or ash twig seven inches long and quarter of an inch in diameter for the bow.

A light-weight twig ten inches long and quarter of an inch in diameter for the arrow shaft.

Three feathers about three inches long.

Linen thread for binding, and for the bowstring a strong flexible cord.

Stiff paper or wood for the arrowhead.

Making the bow. Slightly bend the ends of the seven-inch pliable twig, so as to resemble *A* in Fig. 23. According to the Indian method, secure one end of the string by knotting it and the other by looping. In this way the bow can be most quickly strung.

[1] For descriptions of lodges, see the *14th Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*, 1892–93, Part I, p. 253.

[2] The making of the bow and arrow, as it is described in the following occupation, is to be found in the *14th Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*, 1892–93, Part I, p. 275.

Making the arrowshaft. For the shaft dry a ten-inch light-weight twig like *C* in the cut. To give the arrow speed, the Indian used feathers. Cut off the quills of three, and also one side of the web, trimming the other to the width of a quarter inch. Scrape enough of the web from either end to be able to bind the mid-rib above and below firmly to the shaft. When finished, the feathers should measure about two and one-half inches and be arranged at equal distances around the shaft, one inch from its extremity. At this same end of the twig cut a notch for the bowstring. On the opposite end make a slit to receive the arrowhead.

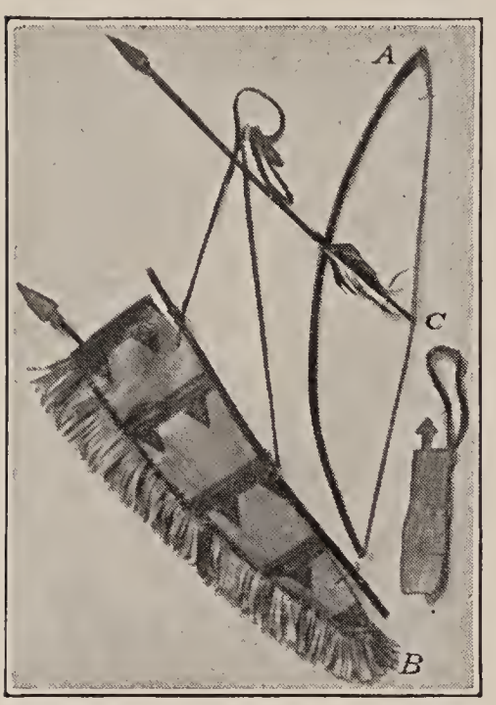


FIG. 23. *Bow, arrow, and quiver. The little quiver was made of stiff paper, a home production*

Making and placing of the arrowhead. Draw a line half an inch long, like *ab* in Fig. 24. Place a dot in the middle of it, and measure up one inch to *c*. At *c* place a dot, and connect this point with *a* and *b*. The rest of the arrow can be drawn free-hand, and then the whole cut out. The little projection *gefh* is called the tang of the arrow. Insert the tang in the slit of the shaft on the opposite end from the feathers. Bind the arrowhead into place with linen thread, and paint it gray or black. Some of the boys may be able to whittle their arrowheads out of wood.

THE INDIAN QUIVER

Quivers to hold the Indian arrows were variously constructed and ornamented, but were generally made of buckskin or bark. At present the Indians use coarse cloth or flannel, and decorate the quivers with bright-colored patches, bells, or other pendants.

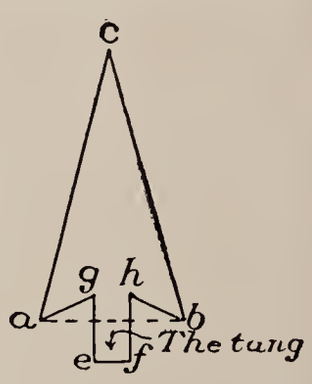


FIG. 24. *Pattern for arrowhead*

MAKING THE QUIVER

Material. Cambric or other cloth twelve inches by eight inches. Twig eleven inches long, an eighth of an inch or more in diameter.

Cord, red or otherwise colored if possible.

Wax crayons of bright colors for decorating the quiver when completed.

Needle and thread.

Making the paper pattern for the quiver. Fold a piece of paper twelve inches long and eight inches wide, the long way, and place it on the desk with the folded edge *ab* toward you as in Fig. 25. Place a dot, *g*, three inches from *c*, then a dot at *h*, three inches below *d*. Connect *g* and *h* by a curved line drawn free-hand. Place a dot at *i*, half an inch below *h*, and another at *j*, one inch to the left of *b*. Draw the curved line *ij* free-hand. Cut out along lines *gh* and *ij*.

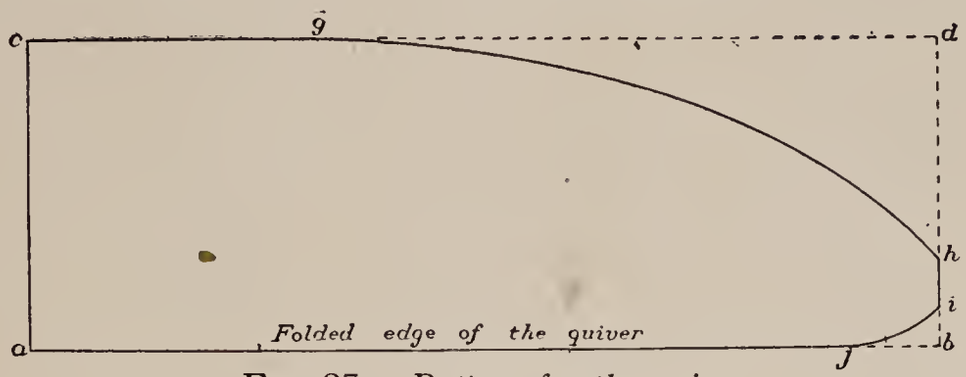


FIG. 25. *Pattern for the quiver*

Cutting out the cloth. Pin the pattern on a folded piece of cloth and cut out the quiver. Fold the cloth under, half an inch at the top of the quiver. Holding the open sides of the quiver together, cut fringe one and a quarter inches long on the edges from *c* around to *j*. With wax crayons put designs on both sides of the cloth. To finish the quiver, sew it together just inside of the fringe. With a cord tie the folded side of the quiver to the twig one and a half inches from either end. Make a braid of double cord thirty inches long. An inch and a half from the end of the twig at the open end of the quiver tie one end of the braided cord by twisting a piece of single cord around it a few times and tying the ends. Tie the other end of the braided cord four inches farther down on the twig in the same manner.[1]

INDIAN SNOWSHOES

When the Indians went hunting in the winter they wore a singular appendage to the moccasin called a snowshoe. Snowshoes were worn to keep the feet from sinking into the soft snow. For this purpose two bows of hard wood were bent, as shown in Fig. 26. The shoe was

[1] The above pattern for a quiver was taken from a suggestion found in Schoolcraft's *Indian Tribes of the United States*, Vol. III, Plate XV.

divided into three spaces, which were filled in with plaited thongs of rawhide or buckskin. A thong of leather or cord confined the foot to the thwarts, the opening beneath the foot allowing a free movement of the toes. The snowshoe hung from the toes like a huge sandal. Such shoes are still commonly used both by the white man and the Indian when traveling on foot through the deep snow.

MAKING THE SNOWSHOE

Material for one snowshoe. Ash or cherry or any pliable twigs, or rattan reeds. In this plan, cherry is chosen.

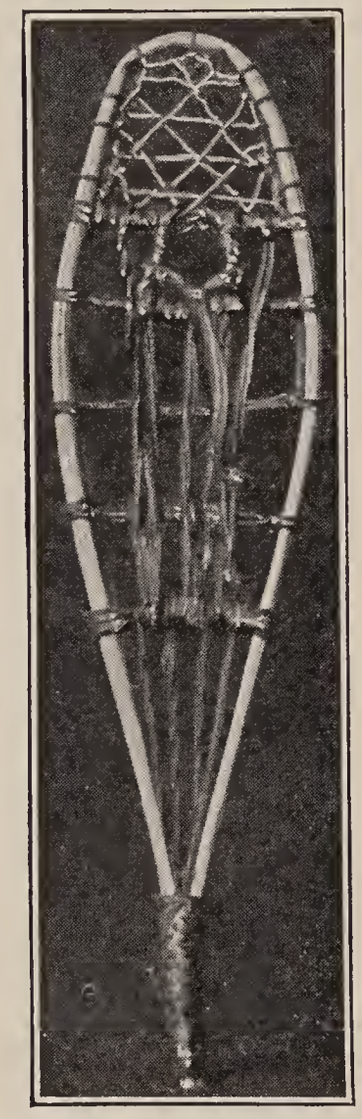


FIG. 26. *Model of snowshoe*

Twig nineteen and a half inches in length, quarter of an inch or less in diameter, and as far as possible of a uniform thickness.

Macramé cord, or warp of the lighter weight quality.

Strong cord or warp of still lighter weight than the macramé cord.

One twig cut to hold the frame in shape while drying.

Making the frame. Bend a twig nineteen and a half inches long so that the ends meet, and bind them together with strong cord or warp one and three-quarter inches up the twig, as in Fig. 27. This frame must now be dried, so that it will not shrink when the children begin to lace the shoe. To hold the twig in shape while drying, temporarily place a twig that will fit snugly between the sides at points *e* and *f* in the diagram. Then let the children cut notches at *a*, *b*, *c*, and *d*. Wind the warp around the framework seven times like *ab* and *cd*, and with a piece of warp bind the pieces of warp together inside the frame on both ends. These represent the two wooden thwarts.

Lacing the upper section of the snowshoe. Thread a needle with warp and fasten the end of the warp to *ab* right next to the twig, to the right

of *a*. To bring the warp up like *ak*, put it around the twig and bring the needle up between the twig and the warp. Do this nine times, at equal distances apart, around as far as *b*. Using the needle, tie the warp at *m*, bring it across to *n*, tie it, and then up to *o* and tie it, and so on until there are four crosspieces. Begin at *l* and bring the warp down to *o* over one piece of warp and under the next. Tie, and cut this cord. Begin at *p*, and in the same manner bring the warp down to *r*, putting it through *ab*; then tie it. Do the same two more times as shown in the diagram. Now begin at *s*, and put four pieces across the opposite way in the same manner.

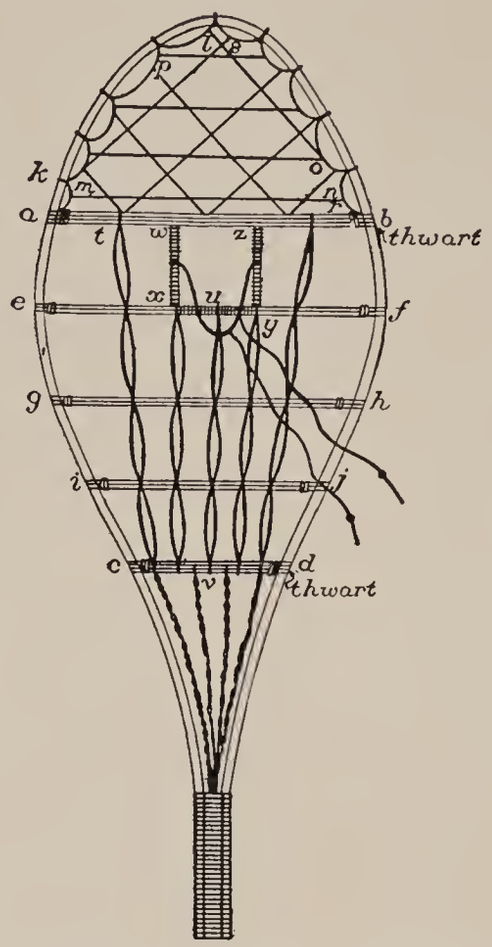


FIG. 27. *Pattern of snowshoe*

Wind warp around the framework four times at *ef*, *gh*, and *ij*, binding each end of these just inside the frame as *ab* was bound.

Lacing the middle section of the snowshoe. Tie a long piece of macramé cord to *t* and bring it down, over one crossbar and under the next, around *cd* and back to *t* again, according to the principle of the simple under and over weaving. Do not cut the cord, but do this three more times as in the figure, tying it the last time. Weave *uv* in the same way.

Finishing the footrest. Take a piece of the warp and wind it around the second piece of macramé cord from *w* to *x*, from *x* to *y*, and from *y* to *z*. In order to make the cords that hold the foot on the snowshoe, take a piece of warp about twenty-four inches long, double it, and make a loop by putting one end around *wx* and the other around *yz*. Twist the ends around the loop two or three times, and let the ends hang.

Lacing the lower section of the snowshoe. With a needle, tie the warp securely to *cd*, then bring it down through the bottom binding and

up again, twisting it around the first cord. Do not cut this cord, but put it over *cd* and repeat the twisting three more times, tying the end when finished.[1]

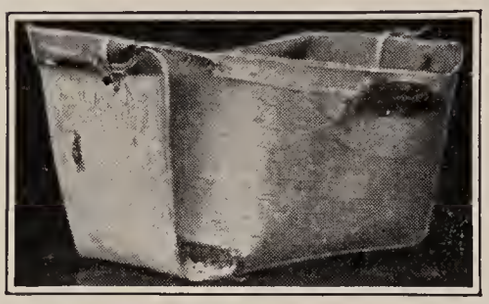


FIG. 28. *Indian model of sap vessel*

THE INDIAN MAPLE-SUGAR SEASON

The season for sugar making came when the first crow appeared, which was usually about the middle of March, when the snow was still on the ground. During the early spring, as the birch bark became right for peeling, pieces were cut and folded into sap dishes or pans and buckets. When all was ready, each family moved to its customary sugar bush or grove.[2]

The models shown of the sap vessel and buckets (Figs. 28, 30, and 31) were made by Indians, and the directions for the following occupations were obtained by pulling these models apart.

MAKING A VESSEL FOR MAPLE SAP OR SUGAR

Material. A piece of paper of birch-bark color, nine and three-quarter inches long by eight and three-quarter inches wide, of the weight of ordinary bristol board.

Cord, thread, or raffia for sewing.

Paints, or colored wax crayons.

Drawing the lines for folding. Place the paper with a long edge toward

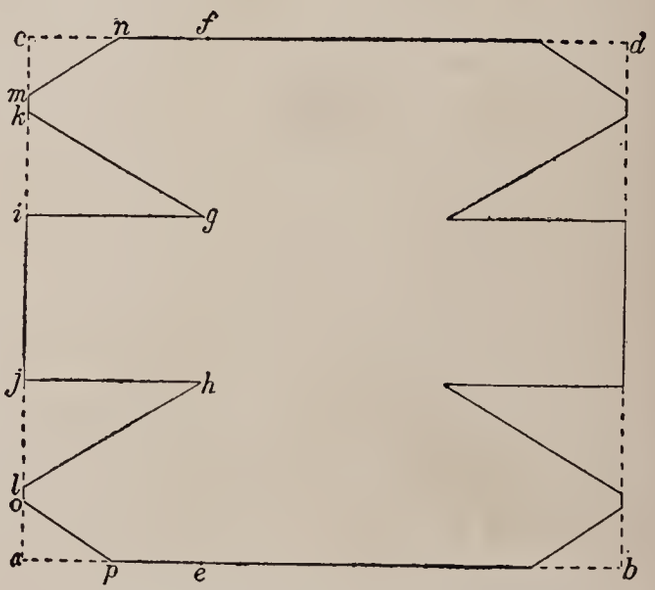


FIG. 29. *Pattern of sap vessel*

[1]The above is the plan of an Alaskan snowshoe, and has been chosen because it is simply made. The lacing of the upper section has been necessarily simplified, yet it has the same appearance as the original model. Instead of the wooden thwarts, horizontal cords have been used at *ab* and *cd*. The suggestion for the making of this snowshoe is taken from a picture in the *Smithsonian Report*, 1894, p. 392, Plate II. See article, "Snowshoes and Devises for Travelling over Snow Afoot." Schoolcraft's *Indian Tribes of the United States*, Vol. III, p. 68, also describes snowshoes.

[2]This experience, and the Indian method of obtaining sap, are described in the story, "A Maple Sugar Camp," p. 109.

you, as *ab* in Fig. 29. Measure down three inches from *c* and up three inches from *a*, along line *ac*, and place dots *i* and *j*. Three inches to the right of *i* draw a line to *g;* three inches from *j* draw one to *h*. Measure up one and three-quarter inches from *i*, along line *ic*, and place a dot, *k*. Draw a line from *k* to *g*. Measure down one and three-quarter inches from *j*, along line *ja*, and place a dot, *l*. Draw a line from *l* to *h*. Measure down one inch from *c*, along line *ci*, and place a dot, *m*. Measure one and a quarter inches from *c*, along line *cd*, and place a dot, *n*. Draw a line from *m* to *n*. Measure up one inch from *a*, along line *aj*, and place a dot, *o*; measure one and a quarter inches from *a*, along line *ab*, and place a dot, *p*. Draw a line from *o* to *p*. Make the same measurements on the opposite end, *bd*.



FIG. 30. *Indian model of sap bucket*

Folding the vessel. Hold the paper with the side *ac* at the top, letting the upper surface of the paper represent the inside of the vessel. Fold *ig* and *jh* so that the crease made will lie on the outside. Fold along lines *kg* and *lh* so that the crease will fall on the inside. Fold *mn* and *po* so that the corners *a* and *c* will lie on the outside. Now lay fold *lh* over toward the center of *ij*. Holding it there, let the upper end of line *kg* overlap the upper end of *lh*. Begin to tie these folded ends together a quarter of an inch below the edge *ij*, letting the cord pass over the top of this edge. Make the same foldings on the other end, and fasten them in the same way. (See the Indian model, Fig. 28.)



FIG. 31. *Indian model of sap bucket*

THE INDIAN SAP BUCKET

Fig. 32 shows two sap buckets with wooden yoke and hooks. The shoulder yoke is made of light, durable wood, the cords probably being

of buckskin. The Indians claim to have invented this form of yoke, and it was used to transfer part of the weight from the arms to the shoulder.

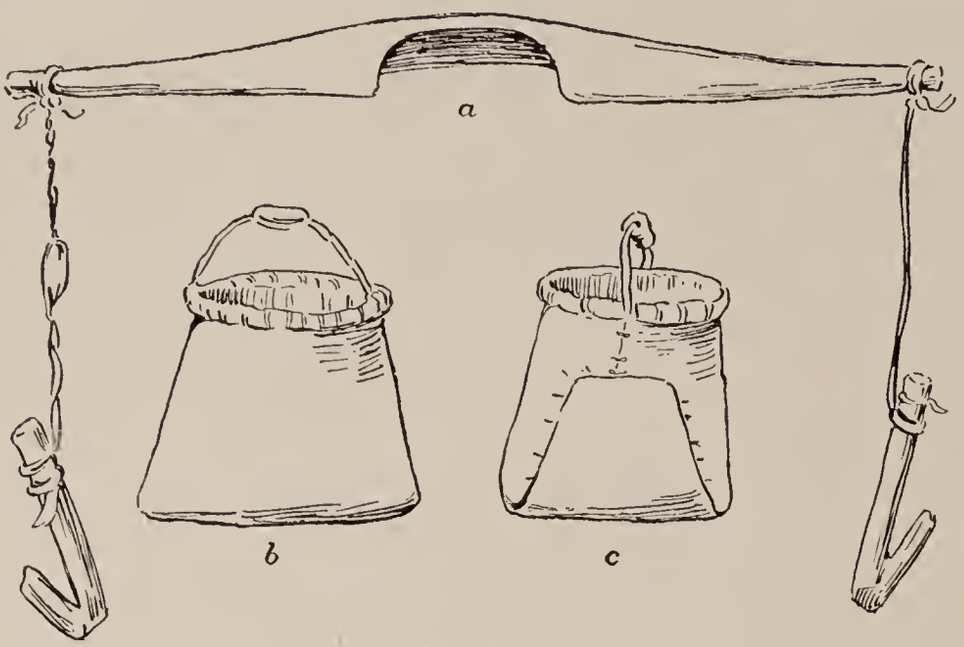


FIG. 32. *Carrying yoke with hooks* (a), *and birch-bark sap buckets* (b, c)

MAKING THE SAP BUCKET

Material. Stiff paper of birch-bark color.

Raffia for binding the rim, if desired.

Wire or reed for the rim, if desired, but not essential.

Needle and thread.

Paints or colored wax crayons.

Use buckskin, cord, or a strip of coarse cloth for the handle.

Making the paper pattern. Take a piece of rather stiff paper, rectangular in shape, nine and a half inches long by eight and a quarter inches wide. Place it with a long side toward you, as *ab* in Fig. 33. Measure up two inches from *a* and *b*, along lines *ac* and *bd*, and place dots *e* and *f*. Draw line *ef*. Measure down two inches from *c* and *d*, along lines *ac* and *bd*, and place dots *g* and *h*. Draw line *gh*. Measure in three and a half inches from *a* and *b*, along line *ab*, and place dots *i* and *j*. Measure in three and a half inches from *c* and *d*, along line *cd*, and place dots *k* and *l*. Measure in three inches from *e* and *f*, along line *ef*, and place dots *m* and *n*. Measure in three inches from *g* and *h* along line *gh*, and place dots *o* and *p*. Draw lines *ko* and *lp*. Measure down one inch from *e*, along line *ae*, place a dot *q*. Measure in one and a half inches from *e*, along line *ef*, and place a dot *s*. Measure one inch down from *s* and place dot *r*. Join *q* and *r* and *r* and *s* by lines. Measure one inch from *r*, along line *qr*, and place dot *t*. Measure down one-half inch from *e*, along line *qe*, and place dot *u*. Draw lines *st* and *tu*. Make the same measurements and draw similar lines at corners *f*, *g*, and *h* as shown in the figure. Cut out along *ut*,

ts, *sm*, *mi*, *ij*, *jn*, *nv*, *vw*, and *wx*. Cut out in same way at the top.

Making the bucket. Put the pattern on the material to be used, trace around it with a pencil, and then cut it out. Next put on a design with paints or wax crayons. Cut in a half inch from *m* and *n*, along line *mn*, and in a half inch from *o* and *p*, along line *op*. Turn *mijn* up, and without any creasing; hold it there, and lifting sides *xw* and *tu*, make one overlap the other, and sew them together to the end, *ij*, like Figs. 30 and 33. Cut off points *t* and *w*, if need be to make the edge straight across. Do the same on the opposite side. Free-hand, cut off the projecting curve along the rim of the bucket on either side, so that the edge will be as nearly circular as possible.

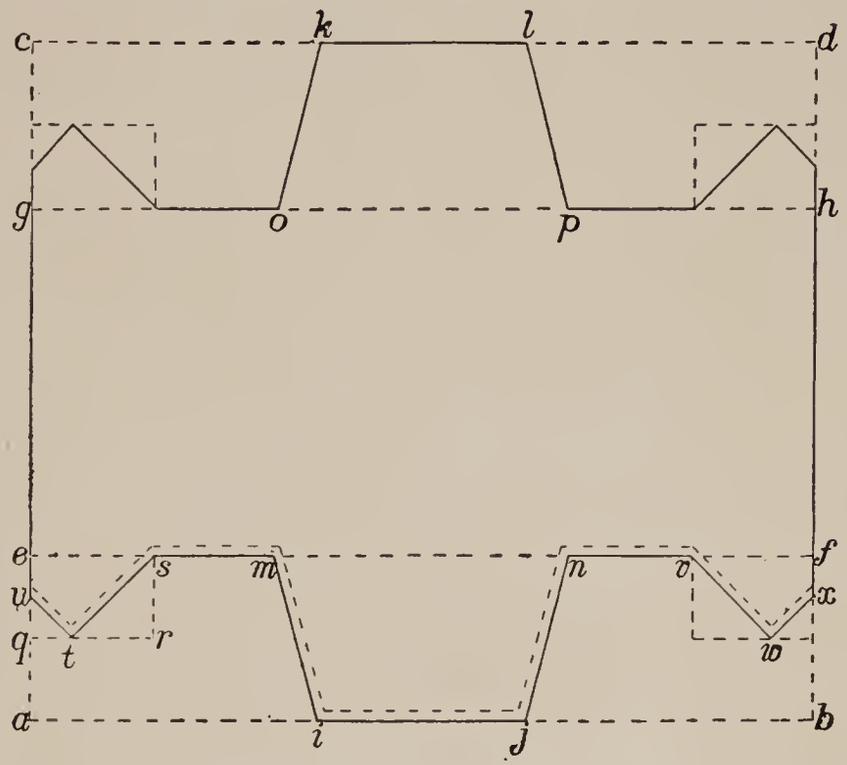


FIG. 33. *Pattern of sap bucket*



FIG. 34. *Model of sap bucket made of bristol board*

Finishing the rim of the bucket. If desired, the rim can be finished with a reed or by covering a wire with raffia, either of which can be bound to the bucket's rim by sewing it over and over with thread. A handle can be made of a strip of chamois, cloth, or raffia.

THE BIRCH-BARK CANOE

The birch-bark canoe was the craft most used by the Indians, and it was very carefully made. As far as possible the bark was taken from the tree in a piece large enough to make the whole canoe. The ends were sewed together with strong roots of the cedar or spruce. The seams and knotholes were sealed with

pine resin. It was then stretched over a framework of thin ribs and crosspieces made from strips of cedar. Both ends curved up out of the water, and were often decorated in bright colors.

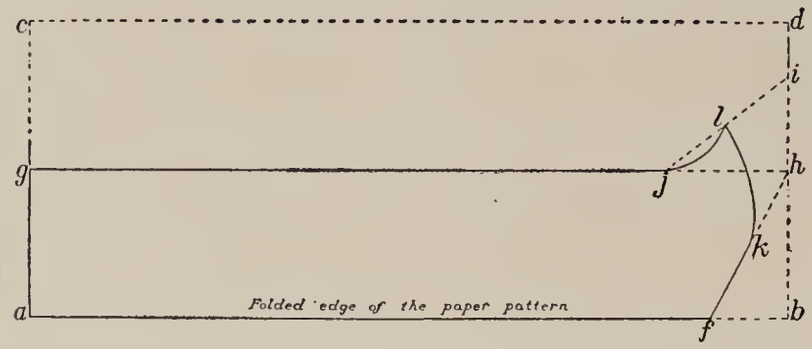


FIG. 35. *Pattern of the canoe*

MAKING A CANOE

Material. Construction paper of birch-bark color, and cutting paper for making the pattern.

Coarse grass or raffia for binding the edge, and making the two braces of the canoe.

Needle and white thread.

Colored wax crayons for decorating the canoe.

Cutting a paper pattern. Take a piece of paper seven and a quarter inches long and six inches wide. Fold it through the center the long way, and place the folded edge directly in front of you, like *ab* in Fig. 35. Measure up one and a half inches from *b* and *a*, and place dots *g* and *h*. Connect *g* and *h*. Measure in three quarters of an inch from *b*, and place dot *f*. Connect *f* and *h*. Now unfold the pattern and measure up one inch from *h*, and place dot *i*. Measure in one and a quarter inches from *h*, along line *gh*, and place dot *j*; connect *i* and *j*. Place a dot *k* at the middle of line *fh* and a dot *l* at the middle of line *ij*. Draw a curved line from *k* to *l* and from *j* to *l* free-hand. This makes one end of the canoe. To make the other, fold the double pattern through the center the short way and cut out along *fklj*, and finish by cutting to the end of the horizontal line. This finishes the pattern.

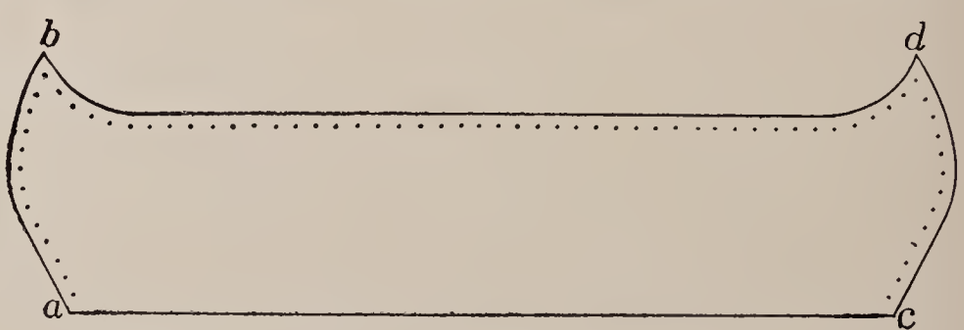


FIG. 36. *The canoe cut out and ready to sew*

Cutting the stiff paper. Open the pattern, place it on stiff paper, trace around it, then cut out. Do no creasing across the bottom of the canoe.

Making the canoe. Soak several strands of raffia in water. Turn up the two sides of paper so that it looks like Fig. 36. Take the soaked raffia, lay it along *a b* and *c d*, and sew over it, thus closing both ends. Take more of the soaked raffia and gradually lay it along the entire top edge, *b d*, and bind it there from end to end with white thread, by an over-and-over stitch.

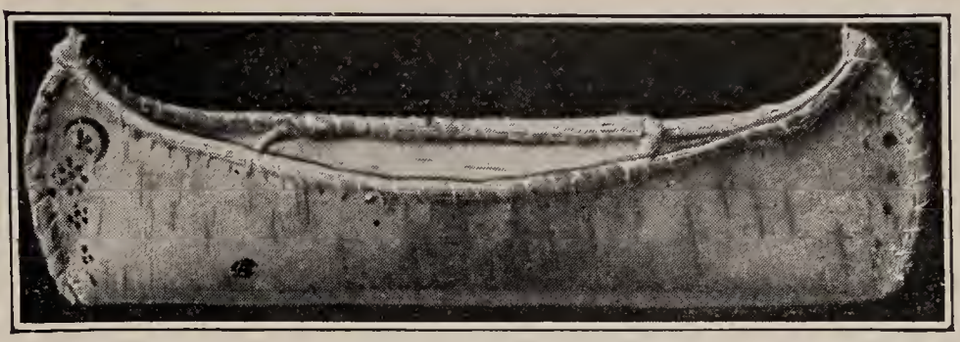


FIG. 37. *Completed model of the birch-bark canoe*

When the top is completed, wind three more strands of raffia about eight inches long with thread and make a one and a quarter-inch brace across the canoe one inch from either end, as shown in Fig. 37. After making the first brace, do not cut the raffia, but bind that which lies between the braces to either side of the canoe.[1] This makes the canoe about two inches wide across the middle of the top.

If white paper is used, tint it to represent the natural color of the birch bark, and to finish, decorate it with colored wax crayons.

THE INDIAN DIP-NET

The dip-net is still used by Indians of the present day when fishing in rather shallow water, or at the foot of a waterfall. The net is usually lowered into the water until it touches the bottom. When the fisherman should raise the net in order to catch fish is largely guesswork, and yet, because the Indian knows their favorite haunts, he is always sure of several good hauls. The weight of the haul makes the net sag, and the fisherman is able to pull up as many as the net will hold. He accomplishes this by the use of a pole fastened to two crossed bows of wood that hold the net in place. The description of such a net is developed in the following occupation.

[1]For canoes, see Thatcher's *Indian Traits*. See also article in *The New International Encyclopædia*.

MAKING THE INDIAN DIP-NET

Material. Two willow or ash twigs eleven inches long and a quarter of an inch in diameter for the bows, and one more for a pole.

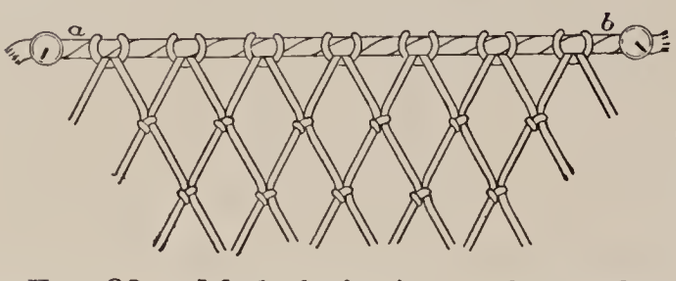


FIG. 38. *Method of tying cord to make dip-net*

Macramé cord for the net.

With thumb tacks fasten each end of a piece of macramé cord six and a half inches long to a board, the rim of a slate, or anything that will hold the cord stable. Call this cord *ab*. To this cord tie seven doubled pieces of cord twelve inches long in the following manner: Slip one inch of the closed end of a doubled cord under cord *ab*. Open this closed end just enough to slip the string ends through the opening. Pull on the string ends until a knot closes around *ab*. Knot the other six cords in the same way, arranging the knots on the cord *ab* so that they will be about one inch apart.

Make the next row of knots one inch below this row as follows: Beginning at the left, pick up the second single cord and the single cord lying next to it on the right. Hold these two cords together with the right thumb and finger, just one inch below the upper row, and with the left hand tie an ordinary knot there.

Proceed with the next two adjacent cords in the same manner, continuing all the way across, then begin on a new row, and so continue until the net measures about six inches long by five inches wide. Finish the bottom of the net like the top.



FIG. 39. *Model of Indian dip-net*

Making the bows of the net. Cross the willow twigs measuring eleven inches so that their centers will meet at right angles. Tie them together in this position, then bow the two twigs by tying strings from their diagonal ends so that they will be exactly the right distance apart to hold the corners of the net. Dry these bows; then cut off the strings from the ends, and tie the four corners of the

net to the four twig ends, giving the dip-net the appearance of the model in Fig. 39.

Fasten a little pole at the juncture of the bows in such a way as to give the pole free play in any direction. The pole in the model measures eleven inches.



FIG. 40. *Model of Indian storehouse*

THE INDIAN STOREHOUSE

Long ago the Indians made themselves corncribs after a very curious fashion, "wherein they secured their corn from vermin." The following is an ancient description of one of these granaries:

"These pretty fabrics were commonly supported with eight feet of posts about seven feet high from the ground, well daubed within and without upon laths, with loam or clay, which made them tight and fit to keep out the smallest insect. There was a small door at the gable end, which was made of the same composition, and to be removed at pleasure, being no bigger than that a slender man might creep in at, cementing the door up with the same earth when they took the corn out of the crib and were going from home, always finding their granaries in the same posture they left them—theft to each other being altogether unpracticed."[1] The granaries of corn-growing tribes vary from the kind described to those of the underground caches usually scooped out of the sandy soil.

The model chosen for the following occupation is based upon the above description, only that twigs instead of laths have been used. The twig structure may be covered with clay, if so desired. Reeds may be used instead of twigs.[2] As twigs dry quickly, soak them

[1] *Bureau of American Ethnology*, 1900, Part I, pp. 244 and 433.

[2] See story, "An Indian Thanksgiving," p. 120.

in water. In fact, place the whole twig structure in water over night before attempting to work with it each time.

MAKING THE INDIAN STOREHOUSE

Material for the foundation. Four crotched twigs five inches long, a quarter of an inch in diameter, for the posts.

Two twigs six and a half inches long for the upper side horizontals.

Two twigs five inches long for the upper end horizontals.

Soft string for tying.



FIG. 41. *Model of Indian storehouse and door*

Making the foundation. Tie securely a twig six and a half inches long into each pair of crotches, letting the horizontals extend a half-inch beyond the crotches. This makes the sides.

To make the ends of the foundation, join the two sides by placing a five-inch twig across each end, just inside the crotches. In this position, tie these end twigs securely to the crotches. (See twig *ab* in Fig. 41.)

Material for the roof structure. Five twigs, eight inches long and an eighth of an inch in diameter or more.

Two twigs, six inches long and an eighth of an inch in diameter, for doorways.

Making the roof structure. The twigs must be freshly cut, so that they can be bent at the center without breaking. Willow twigs are best. The bends thus made will form the angle or gable of the roof as *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, and *g* in Fig. 41. Place the bent twigs as follows:

With the end of the foundation facing you, place the first of these bent twigs so that its angle will stand in proper position for the gable, with the twig ends in front of the crotches. Tie these ends there securely. In the same way, at equal distances from each other, now

fasten the ends of the other four bent twigs to the side horizontals. The roof structure is then finished.

Making the doorway. For the doorway, bend a twig six inches long. Tie its angle to the angle of the roof and fasten either end of the twig to the horizontal so that the base of the doorway will be two inches wide. Repeat this work at the opposite end of the house.

Weaving the framework of the roof or sides. With the most slender of pliable willows, begin to weave first on one side of the front door and then on the other, so that the smallest ends of the willows may be utilized for weaving these very narrow spaces on either side of the doorway. Leave only the front door open. Close up the other end with the weaving. Weave the willows over and under the foundation twigs, exactly as in basketry, though it is not possible to weave very accurately. Do not expect this. Simply fill in the open spaces with the willows. To make stable the four posts of the house, connect them one inch above the base by tying on two side horizontals six inches long, and two end horizontals five inches long, as shown in Fig. 41.

Making the floor. Use thirteen twigs five and a half inches long and about an eighth of an inch in diameter. With the end of the structure facing you, slide one twig after another, from right to left, under the weaving, their ends resting on the side horizontals. Tie these sticks to the horizontals, and the floor is complete.

Making the door. Use a five-inch twig and a two-inch twig. Bend the five-inch twig in the middle and fasten the ends by a string that will hold them just two inches apart. Fasten the two-inch twig to the angle of the door at *a*, and to the horizontal string at *b*, as shown in Fig. 41. With the slender end of a willow, begin to weave at angle *a*, over and under, until the base of the door is reached, then tie the end left to the side. Tie the door over the doorway, so that the door exactly covers the opening.

Bear in mind that twigs have to be soaked in water each time they are used.

The Rush-mat Wigwam

The rush-mat wigwam, though one of the primitive forms of habitation, is still to be seen in Indian communities. It is made thus:

Saplings of tough wood not over two inches thick at the base are cut and planted in the ground three feet apart in an elliptical outline. These ribs are then arched and horizontal poles lashed to them, except at the open doorway ends of the structure. The lashing is done by securely tying the poles together where they are crossed, with strips of basswood bark. The model presented for the following occupation, Fig. 42, illustrates the principle. Mats are fastened to the framework on the outside, first in a continuous row at the bottom, the next row overlapping the first one, and so on. Over the dome, mats or pieces of bark are laid except at the center of the roof, where a smoke hole is left. Mats were also used as door flaps, being fastened only at the top of each opening.[1]

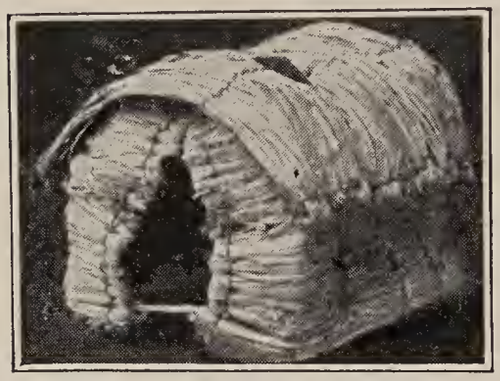


FIG. 42. *Model of rush-mat wigwam*

MAKING THE RUSH-MAT WIGWAM

Material. Flexible willow twigs, if possible; if not, the reeds used in making baskets.

Two twigs twelve inches long, an eighth of an inch in diameter.

Four twigs nine inches long, an eighth of an inch in diameter.

Four twigs six inches long, an eighth of an inch in diameter.

Strips of tan-colored cloth, soft cambric if possible, that can be torn into strips one quarter of an inch wide for tying the twigs.

A light tan color is suggested, that it may somewhat resemble the color of the basswood which Indians used for tying their poles.

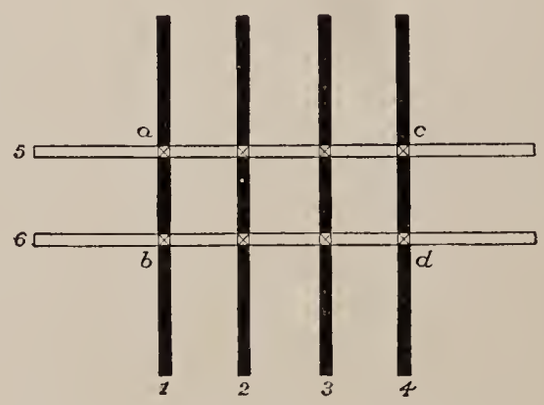


FIG. 43. *How to arrange the twigs for tying the framework of rush-mat wigwam*

[1] The rush-mat wigwam shown on p. 130 is taken from Plate VII in the *14th Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*, 1892–93, Part I. See the story, "The Harvest of the Rice Moon," p. 128.

Rushes, coarse grass, or raffia for the mats. Raffia is used in this plan. The child might select his own material.

Warp or string for tying the raffia into mats may be provided.

A Todd loom, if available; if not, nails can be driven into a board that will serve as a loom.

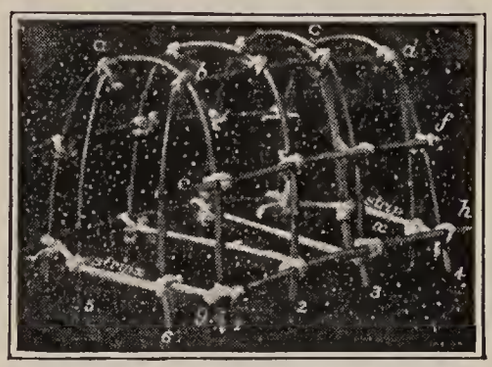


FIG. 44. *The twig framework of the rush-mat wigwam*

Making the framework for the wigwam. Place the nine-inch twigs on the desk one and a half inches apart, like 1, 2, 3, and 4 in Fig. 43. Place the twelve-inch twigs on top of twigs 1, 2, 3, and 4, one and a half inches apart, like 5 and 6, so that the distance from twig 1 to the ends of 5 and 6 is the same as the distance from twig 4 to the opposite ends of 5 and 6. Where twigs 5 and 6 cross twigs 1, 2, 3, and 4, tie them firmly with strips of cloth four inches long. Holding this part of the framework, as in Fig. 43, bend up both ends of twig 1 so that their ends are four inches apart. Tie them in this arched position with a strip of the cloth. Tie twigs 2, 3, and 4 in the same manner. This will keep them in place. Stand the framework upright, as in Fig. 44.

To make the sides, place one six-inch twig on twigs 1, 2, 3, and 4, half an inch from the base, like *gh* in Fig. 44, and where they cross, tie them together firmly with strips of the cloth four inches long. One half of an inch farther up on the framework, tie another six-inch twig in the same way, *ef*. Turn the framework around, and tie two six-inch twigs on the opposite side in the same way.

To make the two doorways, bend twigs 5 and 6 at *a*, *b*, *c*, and *d* respectively, and tie all four ends to the strips marked *x*.

Making the mats for the sides of wigwam. Place the movable crosspiece of the loom so that it is nine inches from the bottom. Place the metal bars two inches apart, like 1 and 2 in Fig. 45. Tie cord around these bars three or four times above the upper crosspiece, like *ab* in Fig. 45. Tie cord around these bars below the lower crosspiece in the same way, like *cd*. Put three strands of raffia around the cord at *ab*, and tie them there with a piece of cord.

Bring the raffia down around the cords at *cd*, and again tie it. In the same manner tie eight such triple strands across *ab* and *cd*.

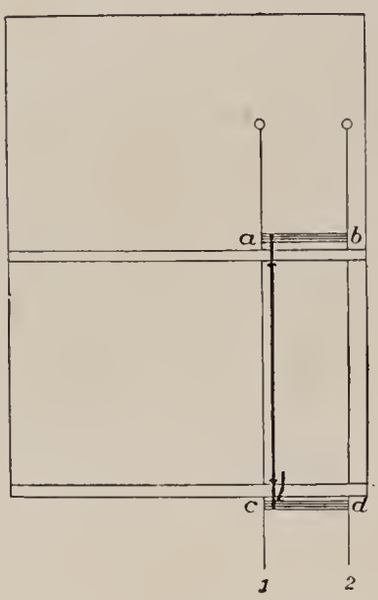


FIG. 45. *The loom adjusted and ready for commencing work*

The stitch used across this mat is a simple over and under one. The directions are as follows: With a darning needle threaded with the cord, put it down through the middle of one of the end bunches of raffia just tied, up through the middle of the next, and so on until the other side is reached, then turn back and complete the stitch as shown in Fig. 46. When the other side is reached, tie the ends. This completes one row of stitching. Make four such rows across this mat, leaving equal distances between the rows. Then cut *ab* and *cd*, and tie the ends in such a way that the raffia will not slip off the cords. This finishes one mat. Make three more of the same kind.

Making the mats for the top of wigwam. In the same manner make four mats six inches long with two rows of stitching through the central space. (See Fig. 47.)

Put one of the longer mats at the bottom of the framework, lengthwise from one door to the other, and tie it there with cord. Put another right above and overlapping it from one door to the other, and tie it firmly. Put two on the other side of the framework in the same way, and tie them. Put the four six and a half-inch mats across the top in the opposite direction, and tie the ends to the framework with cord, leaving a little space open on the top for the smoke hole. (See a cut of the lodge covered with mats, on pages 130 and 188.)

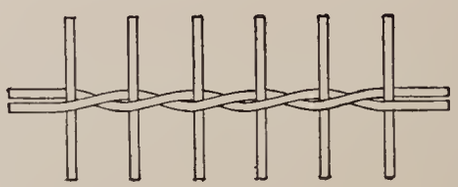


FIG. 46. *Showing how to take the stitch across the mat*

How to make a loom. Toward the top of a little board nine or ten inches long and about three or four inches wide or more, drive in two nails, two inches apart. Next, nine inches down, drive in two more, two inches apart. This arrangement will make the big mats. For the shorter ones, readjust the nails. Each

child would be only too glad to procure his own little board for this purpose, if the school could not furnish it.

Soak the twigs daily while constructing. In working out this occupation, experience has taught that twigs like reeds would break as soon as they begin to dry. For this reason, place a twig structure in the process of making in a tub of water for an hour or two before using. This will not injure the tan-colored strips of cloth in the least. When the structures are lifted from the water, simply wipe them off with a towel so that they will not drip, and they are again in a pliable condition.[1]

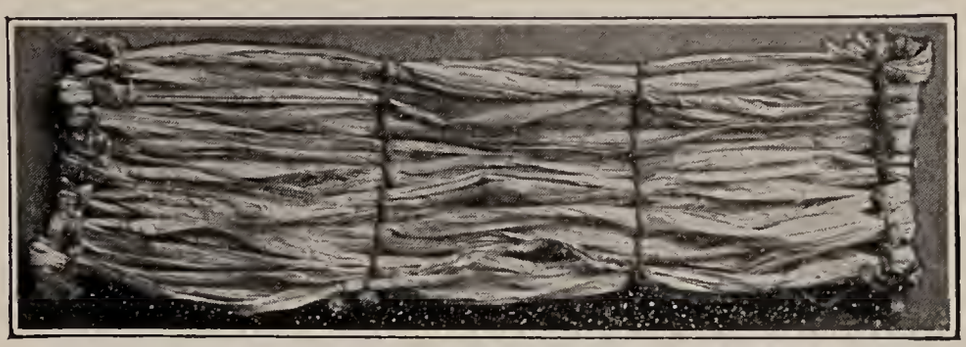


FIG. 47. *One of the mats used to form the covering of a rush-mat wigwam*

[1] See an article entitled "Wild Rice Gatherers of the Upper Lakes," *Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*, 1897–98, p. 253; also Schoolcraft's *Indian Tribes of the United States*, Vol. III, p. 63; *14th Annual Report of Bureau of Ethnology*, 1892–93, Part I.

An Explanation of the Marks

ā	as in fāte	ĭ	as in ĭll
ȧ	as in senȧte	j	as in joke
ă	as in ădd	ō	as in ōld
ă	as in finăl	o̊	as in o̊bey
ä	as in ärm	ô	as in ôrder
ȧ	as in ȧsk	ŏ	as in ŏdd
ȧ	as in sofȧ	o͞o	as in fo͞od
ch	as in chair	o͝o	as in fo͝ot
ē	as in ēve	ou	as in out
ė	as in crėate	sh	as in ship
ĕ	as in ĕnd	ū	as in ūse
g	as in go	u̇	as in u̇nite
ī	as in īce	ŭ	as in stŭdy

A PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

OF INDIAN NAMES AND WORDS IN THE READER

(The pronunciation is indicated according to the system used in "Webster's New (1910) International Dictionary")

Adjidaumo (ăd jĭ dô′ mo̊). The red squirrel.
Ahmo (ä′mo̊). The bee.
Bemahgut (be̊ mä′go͝ot). The grapevine.
Bena (be̊′nȧ). The pheasant.
Big-Sea-Water. Lake Superior.
Cheemaun (chē′môn). A birch canoe.
Esa (ē′sȧ). Shame on you.
Ewa yea (e̊′wô yā). A lullaby.
Gheezis (gē′zis). The sun.
Gitche Gumee (gĭt′che̊ gū′me̊). The Big-Sea-Water, Lake Superior.
Gitche Manito (gĭt′che̊ măn′ĭ tō). The Great Spirit; the Master of Life.
Hiawatha (hī′ȧ wô′thȧ). The prophet; the teacher.
Iagoo (ē ä′go͝o). A great boaster and story-teller.
Kabibonokka (kȧ bĭ bo̊ nōk′ȧ). The North Wind.
Kagh (käg). The hedgehog.
Kayoshk (kā o̊shk′). The sea-gull.
Kahgahgee (kȧ gȧ gē′). The raven.
Kenozha (ke̊n ō′zhȧ). The pickerel.
Kwasind (kwä′sĭnd). The Strong Man.
Mahnomonee (mä no̊ mō′nē). Wild rice.
Manito (măn′ĭ tō). Guardian Spirit.
Mashenomak (mäsh e̊ nō′mäk). The whale.
Maskenozha (măs ke̊n ō′zhȧ). The pike.
Metat (mē′tăt). Stone for grinding corn.
Minjekahwun (mĭn je̊ kä′wŭn). Hiawatha's mittens.
Minnehaha (mĭn e̊ hä′hä). Laughing Water; a waterfall; wife of Hiawatha.
Minnewawa (mĭn e̊ wô′wô). A pleasant sound, as of wind in the trees.
Miche Nahma (mĭch′e̊ nä′mȧ). The Great Sturgeon, King of Fishes.
Mondamin (mo̊n dä′mĭn). Indian corn.
Moon of Falling Leaves. September.
Moon of Leaves. May.
Moon of Ripe Rice. September.
Moon of Snowshoes. November.
Moon of Strawberries. June.
Moon of Sweet Water. March.
Mudwayaushka (mŭd wȧ oush′kȧ). Sound of waves on shore.
Muskoday (mŭs′ko̊ dȧ). The meadow.
Naked Bear. The Great Bear of the mountains, the dread of the Indians.
Nepahwin (ne̊ pä′wĭn). Sleep.
Nokomis (no̊ kō′mĭs). Indian name for grandmother.
Nushka (nŭsh′kȧ). Look! look!
Odahmin (o̊ dä′mĭn). The strawberry.
Omeme (o̊ mē′me̊). The pigeon.
Opechee (o̊ pēch′ē). The robin.
Owaissa (o̊ wās′ȧ). The bluebird.
Paimosaid (pī mo̊ sĕd′). A thief of the cornfields.
Paupukkeewis (pô pŭk kē′wĭs). The merry mischief maker.
Pemmican (pĕm′ ĭ kăn). Meat of the deer or buffalo, dried and pounded.
Pukwudjies (pŭk wo͝oj′ĭz). Little wild men of the woods; pygmies.
Sahwa (sä′wȧ). The perch.
Segwun (sĕg wŭn′). Spring.
Shahbomin (shȧ bō′mĭn). The gooseberry.
Shawondasee (shô wŭn dā′se̊). The South Wind.
Shuhshuhgah (sho͝o sho͝o′gȧ). The blue heron.
Soangetaha (sōn ge̊ tä′hȧ). The strong-hearted.
Totem (tō′tĕm). Family coat-of-arms among Indians.
Ugh (ŭg). Yes.
Ugudwash' (ū go͝od wôsh′). The sunfish.
Wabasso (wô băs′o̊). The rabbit.
Wabun (wô′bŭn). The East Wind.
Wagemin (wā′ge̊ mĭn). The thief of the cornfields.
Wahwaytaysee (wô wô tā′se̊). The firefly.
Weeng (wēng). King of the fairies.

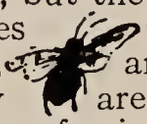
The Outdoor Call for Little People

By Way of the Reading Road



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Muuka, Little Brother
We did not kill thee in Anger
We did not kill thee in Haste
But to dispatch thee more
quickly
To the Happy hunting Ground
- Chippewa apology
to a slain bear.

Peace like prayer of Mandans.
Thou Holy Earth abidest forever
But men like trees grow up
and die
Thou Great Spirit livest forever
But men soon die and are
with thee

Kiddee-wampus - Fire Hose
or steam
engine.